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THE EXTREMES OF LONDON.

EAST END.

NUMBERLESS, indeed, are the charms of London. To me its ancient and its modern streets are equally interesting. I can find as much to delight me in Clerkenwell, in Barbican, and Little Britain, the long and winding lanes, and little squares in and about Thames-street, Bishopsgate Without and Within, Fenchurch-street, and Whitechapel, as in the splendid lines of palaces called after his late Majesty, and the still more princely mansions denominated Moorgate-street. I love to find myself, bent on business or in idleness, amongst the old haunts of the London merchants when three-cornered hats, cues, canes, and brass buttons were all the fashion; when the prosperous banker lived above his counting-house, and villas were yet unknown. Turn-again-lane, Love-lane, Billiter-square, St. Mary Axe, Lawrence-Pountney-hill, Queenhithe, and the Minories, are pregnant with recollections which I like to cultivate. I look back, with great interest, to those times when the merchant was perfectly contented who had realised his hundred thousand pounds, and I behold in the warehouses and offices, now almost hidden from public observation, the germs of that enormous capital, and the beginnings of that enterprising spirit, which, at this moment, render England the mistress of the world.

It is a curious fact, the truth of which was attested by the late Mr. Rothschild, that every mercantile transaction of any great importance which takes place in India, China, either of the Americas, or, indeed, in any part of the globe, is referred ultimately to London for the payment of the bills to which that transaction gives rise. This circumstance of itself demonstrates the magnitude of our commercial capital, and of our connexions with all the known trading communities of mankind, no matter how distant their abodes from our shores.

It is a wonderful spectacle to behold, that of the vast throngs of our fellow-creatures, of every age, who are seen pouring through Cheapside between ten o'clock in the morning and four or five in the afternoon. Innumerable are the omnibuses, stage-coaches, and private carriages of every description, which set down their human burdens at or near the Bank, every minute of the morning. The merchant, fresh from his country-house, may be easily distinguished by the healthy hue of his countenance, the rose in the breast of his coat, and the composed look—partly reflecting the pleasant retirement he has just left, partly yielding to the more active occupations in which he is about to engage for the day. To many the ensuing hours must be very trying ones. Orders—remittances—expected—not arrived! Engagements to be fulfilled—no means! Bankruptcy in prospect! What fears—what perils in the day! For some, mere routine duties are in waiting—for some, the happy results of large speculations are to be announced. I have often tried to read in their countenances the thoughts with which their breasts are fraught, when they are just about to enter their counting-houses, in the early part of the day.

And, then, the myriads of pedestrians that crowd the flag-ways! What eagerness in their movements! How intensely absorbed is every creature in his own affairs! What a variety of faces! How

few, how very few, are even remotely alike to each other in figure or in aspect, throughout the vast assemblage of individuals who press after each other from Charing-cross to Cornhill, and *vice versa*, throughout the business hours of the day! Not many hundreds of these lived fifty years ago—and, in less than fifty years hence, they will nearly all have been swept away, to make room for other swarms equally anxious about the affairs of life, and in their existence upon earth equally ephemeral. What a procession do they constantly form to the worlds unknown!

It costs me generally an hour, at least, to pass over London bridge. My eye is fixed at once upon the trains of carriages, carts, drays, and vehicles of every description, the dense and diversified mass of human beings, the multitudes of horses, ponies, donkeys, and dogs, perpetually moving on the surface of that stately edifice—a work worthy of Cyclopean hands. Looking over the balustrade I behold, on one side, the Thames crowded with light, gaily-coloured wherries, conveying parties or single passengers in all directions, amidst steam-boats incessantly engaged in plying towards Hungerford-stairs, Vauxhall, Richmond, or Twickenham. Crossing to the opposite side of the bridge, what a busy scene meets the view!—Immediately below, numerous steam-boats, some paddling their way inward amidst forests of masts, congregated from all parts of the globe!—some emitting from their variously-painted chimneys columns of thick smoke, and getting up their steam for voyages to St. Petersburg, Ham-burgh, Antwerp, and the Rhine, Ostend, Calais, Boulogne, Lisbon, Cadiz, the Mediterranean, or, haply, for the West Indies or the Americas!—others taking in their crowds on pleasure bent, or in search of health, destined for Ramsgate, Margate, or Herne Bay, or the still more familiar shores of Gravesend, Woolwich, or Greenwich. What a volume of life is collected together in those busy vessels! What various thoughts of happiness, sorrow, discontent or sanguine hope, or reckless despair, do I espy in the unguarded looks of those who are embarking upon the planks that are to bear them away from the troubled waters of the river to the blue, transparent sea!

Passing on to the other extremity of the bridge, I fall in with groups hastening towards the gates of the Greenwich and Croydon railways—works soon to be extended to the coast—soon to give us the means of rushing in a hundred minutes from the sulphurous clouds of London to the clear atmosphere of the ocean—works that remind me, by their long lines of arches, of the aqueducts I have seen in distant climes, raised by Greek and Roman enterprise, some in ruins mantled with ivy, some as perfect as if they had been erected only a few years ago.

Then do I hie me, by water, to the Thames Tunnel, to observe the progress of that mighty excavation, and to indulge the reflections arising from the faculty I enjoy of being *above, upon, and under* the river, in the course of a few moments. This is an undertaking of more than Greek or Roman boldness—one only to be classed with the pyramids. In a few years hence it will be completed, and when to this noble subaqueous bridge the new Exchange, and other projected improvements, shall have been added, the modern Babylon may, indeed, lift her head proudly above all the cities of the globe.

Waft me next to Limehouse, and let me enter those yards and sheds where new steam-ships of colossal magnitude are in course of construction. It was but lately that the "British Queen" quitted her birth-place, at Messrs. Curling and Young's, to pro-

claim to our American brethren the inexhaustible resources of British genius and enterprise in everything that relates to navigation. Other vessels of equal, or even superior magnitude, are still to succeed, and, before many years roll away, many now living shall behold every sea crowded with gorgeous palaces, moving about with as much safety, certainty, and dignity, as the eagle amongst his mountain dominions. In the neighbourhood of these building-yards, where the mallet and the saw are heard all the day long, may be seen also the foundries for casting cylinders, the manufactories for boring them, for the construction of boilers and wheels and engines of every kind appertaining to the furniture of the steam-boat, by means of stupendous machinery. The minds of the engineers and firemen, and even of the ordinary workmen, engaged in these labours, seem all to be cast upon a gigantic scale, utterly unknown at the west end of the town, where I have already descended from a Blackwall omnibus.

WEST END.—LONDON CLUBS.

To my club for a luncheon. A plate of prime cold roast-beef, excellent pickles, bread *ad libitum*, and a glass of good table-beer, very elegantly served, and all for sixpence! If I choose to add to it half-a-pint of sherry, my whole bill comes to eighteen-pence. If, instead of ordering a plate of cold meat, I prefer a more ample meal—an early dinner in fact—I sit down to a long table on which are ranged cold beef, veal, ham, pickles of various kinds, and an abundance of confectionary, and I eat away until I am tired at the cost of one shilling-and-sixpence, table beer included. I am attended by two or three servants; no table can be more splendidly furnished with silver utensils of every description; I sit in a magnificent chamber, and when I have finished my repast I retire to a library, where a choice selection of standard works, books of reference, and maps, are at my command. The newest publications of the day (of any merit) are placed upon one table, and, upon another, are all the morning newspapers. A writing table, stocked abundantly with foolscap, letter and note paper, envelopes, pens and inkstands, tapers, sealing-wax, and club-seals; is in the middle of the chamber, and placed in due order are various kinds of easy chairs and sofas, on which I may lounge, or read, or sleep, as I may think fit. Should the work, or the debate, which I have undertaken to explore, be, as most of the debates now are, excessively prosy and stupid, near me, on a little round table, is a box of snuff to assist me in my endeavours to keep my eyes from closing up their shutters.

Starting from one of these sleep-compelling chairs, I ask myself what o'clock it is? I need not extract my watch from my pocket, for there is a first-rate chronometer on the chimney-piece to answer the question. I am writing a note, and I forget the day of the month. On the same chimney-piece is a little square black board, with the date upon it in white letters. Is my epistle for the general or twopenny post? Boxes for each are within a few paces of me in the same chamber. Do I want a frank? Ten to one but a peer or a commoner is sitting at the same table with me, and I almost oblige him by asking him to expend an item of his diurnal privileges in my favour. Court Guides, Red Books, Navy and Army Lists, and Directories of every kind, are within my reach, if I be at a loss for an address; and, if I want a quick and trusty messenger, I have only to ring a bell, when—Presto!—he stands before me.

The country newspapers, those of Ireland and Scotland, the foreign journals, the weekly, monthly, and quarterly periodicals, are in another apartment, where I spend an hour or two culling sweets from every flower. By this time the evening approaches. Men are hastening in from all quarters to dine, and the savoury odours arising from soups and hot joints, and meat and fruit pies, assist not a little to improve a naturally good appetite. Then the example of so many men eating heartily, and tossing off their bumpers of port, champagne, claret, or Burgundy, is, it must be owned, extremely seductive, especially if at my table I be joined by a friend or two, of no new date, with whom I can revive, as

the generous grape warms our bosoms, the recollections of happy days spent together. There we sit, grouped, in the midst of a splendid saloon crowded with familiar faces. We are served well, dining on a hot joint, abundance of vegetables, pastry, bread, butter, cheese, fruit, all of the best description, the cookery irreproachable, snow-white table-cloths and napkins, finger-glasses, tooth-picks, any wine we choose to ask for, and, if we live with the moderation most conducive to health and comfort, we rise from table at an expense not exceeding three shillings and three-pence! The use of the higher classes of wines will, of course, cause a higher bill.

A large apartment contains wash-hand basins, towels, hair-brushes and combs, clothes-brushes, hat-brushes, and other conveniences. Besides this, there is a dressing-room, where a member can have his dress things sent to him, in case he should happen to dine at any distance from home. In truth, the club is a home for him whenever he chooses so to consider it. He may look upon the servants of the establishment as his own. They are all as civil and obedient to him as if they were in his own house. He has no trouble in paying or managing them. They are men carefully selected for their good conduct and general intelligence. The order preserved throughout the whole establishment is admirable.

The new club-houses erected in Pall Mall are very great ornaments to that quarter of the town, especially the Travellers' Club, the Athenæum, the United Service, and the University. The latter is a truly classical building. The Reform Club-house, now in course of erection, will outshine them all. It will be the handsomest edifice of the kind in Europe. To the usual number of apartments necessary for the accommodation of members, it will add several sets of dwelling chambers, after the fashion of the Casino at Pesth. This will be a valuable novelty, and the elevation which the edifice will present in consequence, cannot fail to add materially to the grandeur of its external appearance. No expense is to be spared upon its internal decoration.

It must be owned that these clubs are very great luxuries—luxuries attainable, too, at a moderate cost. Twenty or twenty-five guineas entrance, and from six to eight guineas a year, cover the whole settled expenditure. Or these sums may be merged in a single payment for life, if the member prefer it.

I have often heard clubs exclaimed against, as calculated to wean married men from their domestic circles, and to encourage unmarried men in their abstinence from matrimonial engagements. As far as my own experience and observation extend, I do not think these charges justifiable. Modern habits very generally induce the mothers of families to dine with their children at an early hour of the day, about one or two o'clock. Even where there are no children, the ladies, now-a-days, most generally convert the luncheon into a dinner; and the system is to be praised, inasmuch as it is infinitely more conducive to health than the adoption of later hours for that purpose. Dinners prepared for company are usually given at seven or eight o'clock, and are in truth suppers more than dinners. But the ordinary routine of families at present is the early dinner, especially where parliamentary, professional, or mercantile occupations, detain the gentleman from home the greater part of the day. In these cases it is a great convenience to him, to have his club to go to for a good meal at whatever hour he may find most convenient, before returning home. It is a pleasant as well as an economical plan; it saves his servants much trouble, and then he can enjoy his tea with his family.

I think that most of what are called the dining-clubs are used in this way. The quantity of wine now drunk at or after dinner is quite insignificant as compared with the customs of former days. Few men exceed a pint of wine per day. For married men to be seen indulging at a club table long after eight, or, at the utmost, nine o'clock, is a rare circumstance, and one that would soon, if repeated, be remarked upon as not very reputable. Indeed, the same observation applies to bachelors. Should they be seen at

table much after that hour, the questions occur, have they no home, no private circle to repair to?—have they no friends?—no invitations to evening parties?

I would say, from what has passed under my own eye, that clubs dispose young men's minds to a desire of cultivating private society. Few things are more tiresome than the living, evening after evening, in the chambers of a club-house. The newspapers, morning and evening, have been then all read. The book tires. One man yawns, and goes to sleep. Another follows his example. The sleepers snore in unison, and render the library or the drawing-room anything but agreeable to the solitary individual who can resist the general proneness to somnolency at that hour. This sort of life will not long please, and the want of a domestic hearth is felt, which makes the married hasten to his home, and the unmarried seek out for one.

A PROSPECTIVE WIFE IN CRYSTAL.

THE propensity of the human mind to a belief in the supernatural is very extraordinary, and has had more influence upon mundane affairs than is usually imagined. Even in the present day, the trust that is put in the prediction of the fortune-teller is surprising, did we not know the tendency of weak minds to rely upon those who to them appear more powerful. No argument is likely to convince such of their error, or to show them the likelihood of their own impressions leading them to fulfil a chance prophecy. Knowing this, we shall not write an essay or a sermon on the subject, but shall merely relate a tale told by Lilly, the arch-conjuror of the days of Cromwell,—the Sidrophel of Butler's Hudibras,—whose "Life and Times," written by himself, are a rich illustration of the arts of such mischievous cheats, and yet are valuable for the light they throw upon some historical points, and especially upon the manners of the age. Amongst many other marvellous tales, he tells us that "Mr. William Hodges, who lived near Wolverhampton, resolved questions astrologically,—nativities he meddled not with; and things of other nature, which required more curiosity, he repaired to the crystal; * his angels were Raphael, Gabriel, and Uriel: his life answered not in holiness and sanctity to what it should, having to do with those holy angels. One John Scott desired Hodges to show him the person and features of the woman he should marry. Hodges carries him into a field, not far from his house, pulls out his crystal, bids Scott set his foot to his, and after a little while wishes him to inspect the crystal, and observe what he saw there. 'I see,' saith Scott, 'a ruddy-complexioned wench, in a red waistcoat, drawing a can of beer.' 'She must be your wife,' said Hodges. 'You are mistaken, sir,' said Scott; 'I am, so soon as I come to London, to marry a tall gentlewoman in the Old Bailey.' 'You must marry the red waistcoat,' said Hodges. Scott leaves the country, comes up to London, finds his gentlewoman married. Two years after, going into Dover, he refreshed himself at an inn in Canterbury; and, as he came into the hall or first room thereof, he mistook the room and went into the buttery, where he espied a maid, described by Hodges as aforesaid, drawing a can of beer, &c. He then more narrowly viewing her person and habit, found her to be the same Hodges had described; after which he became a suitor to her, and was married to her, which woman I have often seen. This Scott related to me several times, being a very honest person, and made great conscience of what he spoke."

So far the veracious Mr. Lilly, who did not always follow the good example of Mr. Scott, "who made great conscience of what he spoke;" but, supposing the tale to be true, it is very evident that Scott would never have thought of the bar-maid, had not Hodges shown him a red waistcoat in his glass; a thing not difficult to be performed, and plainly done at haphazard, and afterwards brazened out with all the face of a practised Sidrophel.

* The crystal was a round ball of rock-crystal, in which it was supposed that certain angels or spirits appeared to the gifted beholder, and showed, as in a magic lantern, the objects desired. The crystal of the celebrated Dr. Dee is now in the British Museum.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

MR. JOHN POUNDS, OF PORTSMOUTH, SHOE-MENDER, AND GRATUITOUS TEACHER OF POOR CHILDREN.*

JOHN POUNDS, the subject of this notice, whose distinguishing merit was, that, while pursuing under great disadvantages the humble and toilsome occupation of mending shoes for his daily subsistence, he at the same time imparted, without fee or reward, to some hundreds of poor children of both sexes all the education they ever had, was born at Portsmouth, on the 17th of June, 1766. His father was by trade a sawyer, employed in the royal dockyard, who was enabled to get his son, at that time a stout, athletic youth, entered in the yard as apprentice to a shipwright, at the early age of twelve years.

When he had served three years, at the age of fifteen, he met with a serious accident, which altered the future course of his life. By falling into a dry dock, one of his thighs became dislocated, and he was otherwise so much injured as to render him ever afterwards a cripple.

When his general health had been restored, he might have been re-entered as a labourer, and in due time entitled to a small pension; but some new regulations having at that time been made that were not liked by the workmen, by advice of his master he preferred trying what he could do for himself in some other way; and accordingly placed himself under the instruction of an old shoemaker in the High-street, to learn his art. He succeeded so far that, although he seldom tried his hand in making shoes, he was enabled to obtain an honest subsistence by mending them.

For some years he was accommodated with room in the house of a relation, until, about thirty-five years ago, he ventured to become tenant on his own account of the small weather-boarded tenement in St. Mary's-street; where all his future years were spent, and where passers-by must have often noticed him, seated on his stool, and mending shoes, in the midst of his little busy school.

About the year 1818, being himself a single man, (as indeed he continued to be through life,) he took upon himself the charge of one of the numerous children of his brother, who was a seafaring man: it was a feeble little boy, born with his feet overlapping each other and turned inwards. Having seen the iron pattens with which a neighbour's child had been provided by an eminent surgeon, he ingeniously contrived, by fastening together the soles of old shoes and boots, an imitation that effectually cured the distortion. This child became the chief object of his care and affection ever afterwards: he reared him; at a proper age put him apprentice to a fashionable shoemaker; and they lived together to the end of his days.

His lameness preventing him from sharing in out-of-door sports, he amused himself at home in rearing singing-birds, jays, parrots, &c., and succeeded so well in domesticating some of them, that they would play about the room in perfect good-fellowship with the cats and guinea-pigs that sometimes formed part of his establishment. Often has a canary-bird been seen perched upon one of his shoulders, and a cat upon the other. Of late years, since his scholars became so numerous, he kept less of this kind of stock: the last of his talking-birds was a starling, which he presented to the lady of Sir Philip H. Durham, the port-admiral, in testimony of his gratitude for her ladyship's goodness in supplying some necessities of his little flock, and of the admiral's kindness in getting employment on board ship for some of his boys.

His attempts and success in the work of education arose out of this connexion. When his nephew was about five years old, he applied himself to fulfilling the office of schoolmaster to him. After a time, he thought he would learn better if he had a companion; he obtained one, then added another, and went on gradually increasing the number, and found so much pleasure in the em-

* Memoir of the late Mr. John Pounds, of Portsmouth. Published by D. P. Price, High-street, Portsmouth. 1839.

ployment, that he resolved to extend the same benefit to others whom he saw around him, in that very populous and poor neighbourhood, quite destitute of instruction; the first addition to his charge being the son of a poor woman, who went about selling puddings; her homeless child, unable to accompany her, being left in the open street, amidst frost and snow, with no other shelter than the overhanging shade of a bay-window. As he became fond of the work of tuition, he gradually increased his numbers, until he at length became schoolmaster-general to all around whose parents were too poor or too careless to provide them with other schooling; his establishment, of late years, averaging forty at a time, including about a dozen little girls, who were always placed on one side by themselves.

His humble workshop was about six feet wide, and about eighteen feet in depth; in the midst of which he would sit on his stool, with his last or lapstone on his knee, and other implements by his side, going on with his work, and attending at the same time to the pursuits of the whole assemblage; some of whom were reading by his side, writing from his dictation, or showing up their sums; others seated around on forms or boxes, on the floor, or on the steps of a small staircase in the rear. Although the master seemed to know where to look for each, and to maintain a due command over all, yet so small was the room, and so deficient in the usual accommodations of a school, that the scene appeared to the observer from without a mere crowd of children's heads and faces.

Owing to the limited extent of his room, he often found it necessary to make a selection from among several subjects or candidates for his gratuitous instruction; and in such cases always preferred, and prided himself on taking in hand, what he called "the little blackguards," and taming them. He has been seen to follow such to the Town-quay, and hold out in his hand to them the bribe of a roasted potato, to induce them to come to school.

When the weather admitted, he caused them to take turns in sitting on the threshold of his front door, and on a little form on the outside, for the benefit of the fresh air.

His modes of tuition were chiefly of his own devising. Without having ever heard of Pestalozzi, necessity led him into the interrogatory system. He taught the children to read from hand-bills and such remains of old school-books as he could procure. Slates and pencils were the only implements for writing, yet a creditable degree of skill was acquired; and in ciphering, the rule of three and practice were performed with accuracy.

With the very young, especially, his manner was particularly pleasant and facetious. He would ask them the names of different parts of their body, make them spell the words, and tell their uses. Taking a child's hand, he would say, "What is this? Spell it." Then slapping it, he would say, "What do I do? Spell that." So with the ear, and the act of pulling it; and in like manner with other things. He found it necessary to adopt a more strict discipline with them as they grew bigger, and might have become turbulent; but he invariably preserved the attachment of all.

In this way some hundreds of persons have been indebted to him for all the schooling they have ever had, and which has enabled many of them to fill useful and creditable stations in life, who might otherwise, owing to the temptations attendant on poverty and ignorance, have become burdens on society, or swelled the calendar of crime.

A few years ago, when there was a vacancy in the office of schoolmaster to the National School in Green-row, he applied to the curate of the parish to recommend him for the appointment; but receiving no encouragement, took no further steps in the affair.

He never sought any compensation for these labours; nor did he obtain any, besides the pleasure attending the pursuit, the satisfaction of doing good, and the gratification felt, when occasionally some manly soldier or sailor, grown up out of all remembrance, would call to shake hands, and return thanks for what he had done for him in infancy. Indeed, some of the most destitute of his scholars have often been saved from starvation only by obtaining a portion of his own homely meal.

To the lasting credit of the late Mr. Pounds, it ought to be recorded that he taught many of the boys to cook their own plain food, to mend their own shoes, sent them to Sunday schools for religious instruction; and in order to encourage them, and enable them to make a creditable appearance there, procured, with the aid of friends, clothing, which they were allowed to put on at his house on Sunday mornings, and restore to his custody in the evening. He was both doctor and nurse to his little flock; did what he

could to cure their chilblains, and heal their many ailments, the cuts and bruises, to which poor children are continually exposed. and, in cases beyond his skill and means, procured assistance for them from others. Besides, for the juniors, he was not only master of their sports, but also maker of their playthings.

The extent and disinterested nature of these useful labours, long passed, almost unknown, owing to a certain independence of spirit which hindered him from seeking aid from others. Of late, however, owing to his having applied for and obtained ready admission into the Sunday school at High-street chapel, for many of his pupils, his merits became more extensively known, and he has received assistance that proved highly encouraging to him. He obtained a better supply of books and slates; several times the whole of his little flock were invited to a public examination at the chapel school-room, and regaled with tea and plum-cake. He and his scholars were also included in the public dinner on the occasion of her Majesty's coronation; except a few of the very young, for whom he provided at home, and afterwards walked about with them the whole afternoon, that they might share in the enjoyments of the day, without danger to themselves or incumbrance to others.

After a long perseverance in this course, Mr. Pounds was suddenly removed by the stroke of death from the scene of his commendable exertions, on the 1st of January, 1839, at the age of seventy-two years. On the morning of that day, he went to the house of Edward Carter, Esq., in the High-street, to acknowledge some acts of kindness lately received; he there saw Mr. Sheaf's picture of his school, lately purchased by that gentleman, and expressed himself more pleased at finding his favourite cat holding a prominent place in it, than by any other part of the performance. He took with him a little boy named Ashton, and requested some aid towards the cure of the child's sore foot, and showed specimens on a slate of the little fellow's writing and ciphering; when, on the instant of these being restored to his hands, with expressions of commendation, he suddenly fell down, as if fainting. The usual means for restoration were immediately resorted to;—Mr. Martell, surgeon, who a few minutes before had paid him the compliments of the season, and congratulated him on his apparently good health, was promptly called in, but the vital spark was extinct. Mr. Martell took charge of the body, (Mr. Carter earnestly desiring that all expenses of a suitable funeral should be at his charge,) and accompanied it to its former abode. Here about thirty of the children were assembled, and wondering what had become of their tutor. At length they saw their little companion, and said, "Here comes Ashton—Mr. Pounds will soon be here!" The child had now arrived, and said, "Mr. Pounds is dead, or else fainting." The accents reached the ear of the nephew in the upper room, who, on hastening down, saw the body brought in, and immediately fainted; and it was not until some time afterwards that he became fully sensible of his loss, when he found the body of his beloved uncle lying, with fixed but placid countenance, extended upon the bed, insensible to any attentions he could pay to him.

The children were overwhelmed with consternation and sorrow; some of them came to the door next day, and cried because they could not be admitted; and, for several succeeding days, the younger ones came, two or three together, looked about the room, and not finding their friend, went away disconsolate.

The deceased was of a most cheerful, contented, and happy disposition. On Christmas eve, as was his custom, he carried to a female relative the materials for a large plum-pudding, to be made for distribution among the children; and on that occasion declared that he was never happier in his life,—that he had no earthly want unsatisfied,—and expressed, in words quite characteristic of him as a bird-fancier, which had been one of his favourite pursuits, that, whenever he should no longer be enabled to support himself by his own industry, and continue to do some good in the world, he might be permitted to go off suddenly, "as a bird drops from his perch." He was, as he had wished, called away suddenly from the continuance of his useful labours. The cause of his death was stated, before the coroner's inquest, to have been a sudden rupture of one of the large vessels of the heart. He is gone to wait the award of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

His remains were interred on the afternoon of Saturday, the 5th of January, 1839, in the burying-ground of High-street chapel, by the Rev. Henry Hawkes, B.A., who impressively called on the numerous assemblage around the grave—among whom were most of his pupils—to cherish his memory and imitate his example, by doing good to others according to their various ability.

THE ECONOMICAL AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.*

WE are tempted to make some extracts from a little book, whose title is given below, to let our readers see what is thought of English manners and habits by an American of a somewhat eccentric temperament. It is useful to look at both sides of the medal; and the observations of even a man of extreme opinions, when tempered by humanity and much good sense, are not without their value. Mr. Sedgwick is a strong *temperance* and *equality* man; a utilitarian, after his own fashion; and he surveys every thing in England with a constant reference not only to America, but to his own standard of usefulness. Let the reader bear this in mind, and we fancy that, doing so, he will be both amused and instructed by some of the following extracts. But let us first propitiate his good will in favour of Mr. Sedgwick, by indicating his pacific and kindly spirit:—

"One who has seen that great country England cannot but desire that our ancient animosities should be forgotten for ever. In speaking, therefore, very freely of its customs and institutions, I cannot be suspected of ill will. The cause of reform, the true cause of the people in both countries, the interests of humanity, of civilization, of the poor, the unfortunate, the oppressed, depend more upon the continuance of hearty good-will between these two great nations than upon any other circumstance. Causeless war would be to all except a very few, usurers, speculators, spend-thrifts, job-seekers, office-holders, contractors, the curse of curses."

Now for the spirit in which he travelled—a regular "how to observe" spirit; and, though occasionally a man, by acting in this way, may be *humbugged* or deceived by foolish or false statements, it is, on the whole, a practice much to be commended to all who "travel."

"A man who does not, in travelling, open himself to an unrestricted intercourse, loses half its benefits, and more than half its pleasures. There is no one so uninstructed that he cannot give information to a stranger in a strange land. I adopted one practice invariably in England, and that was, under all circumstances, in omnibuses, cabs, hackney-coaches, in the streets, in London, on the highways, in the country, to enter into conversation for the purpose of information with people of all classes; and I can say very truly that, so far from having met with any rebuff, rudeness, or insolence, I found nothing but gentleness, kindness, and alacrity to answer my inquiries. To be sure I generally prefaced them with saying, 'that, being a stranger in those parts of the world,' I begged the favour of asking about this or that. More generally I stated myself to be a stranger and an American, and this I am sure, in many cases, was a passport to pleasing attentions; for though the English see in us many things that they do not like, they find many which they do; there is a certain respect which they do not wish to conceal. Our English descent (for how can a people fail in esteem for those who have come from their own loins?), our history, our deeds, our unexampled enterprise and increasing wealth, all claim the regard or admiration of an Englishman. Pursuing the plan I have mentioned, I received instruction from many cabmen, servants, and boatmen, and found on board a steamboat, *without introduction*, some of the kindest and most interesting friends that I met with in England. Indeed, if an American will shut his eyes, open his heart, and rid himself of the silly vanity and selfishness of being tormented about his own personal importance in England, where not one in a thousand of his countrymen has any, or can have any, he will hardly know half of the time that he is out of his own happy country."

"At Portsmouth our luggage was examined at the custom-house, which was a mere form, for our carpet-bags (I can only speak of ours) were not opened, and the trunks were barely unlocked, a few articles being lifted up and then put down again. While the man was doing this, he said, in a whisper to my friend, 'It is

usual to give something for despatch.' He, in compliance with the vicious custom which is said to exist in these custom-houses, gave two shillings and sixpence for both.

"Before getting on shore at Portsmouth, we were detained some hours by quarantine regulations. The health officer came alongside of the ship, and asked the captain many questions about our health. After this he sent up a Bible to the captain at the end of a long pole, enclosed in a copper or brass case, from the little boat in which he sat. The captain, being obliged to swear to the statement he had made, kissed the Bible, case and all. The case was for *preservation*; of which principle, as the minds of the people of England are imbued with it, we know little or nothing, and may well learn.

"Here we are in England! Reader, be you gentleman, farmer, mechanic, or whatever you are, if you be a citizen of the United States, and have money enough after discharging all the debts that folly and fashion fasten upon you; if you have time, and it be consistent with other duties, go to England and see the race from which you sprung; go and see what a nation loaded with a debt of eight hundred millions of pounds has accomplished; look at the palaces, pictures, statues, houses, cottages, roads, horses, sheep, &c.; consider what they might have been, how few paupers, how little of extreme poverty, with a proper economy, and without such a debt; go, and gain the pleasure of giving up your prejudices; go, it will do your mind and heart good.

"From the moment we touched the shore, I felt that I was at home. The outward state of things, to be sure, is far different, and, in most respects, far superior; but the man, his soul, his language, is essentially the same. To say, then, that we respect the English, looks like a sort of national vanity; it is the same thing as to esteem one's self.

"We had hardly entered our hotel at Portsmouth before we were reminded of home, of the blessings of commerce, and the free intercourse of nations. We saw the same furniture as in our own parlours and chambers; the same patterns of hanging-paper; the same bamboo chairs; the same green inside window-blinds; the same dimity counterpane upon our beds; wash-stand, bowls, basins, &c. The merchant is the great and first agent in the intercourse that disseminates the blessings of trade; and still, in the United States, he has been called an *unproductive labourer*. It would be quite as good sense to call sailors unproductive labourers. True political economy is founded in the wants of human nature itself.

"I asked a friend in the United States who had been travelling a very short time in England, whether he got *fresh* eggs at the hotels. 'Oh no,' said he; 'I understood that the nobility ate all the *fresh* eggs in England.' It is true enough that the nobility have the choice in England, but we must confess that we found very good eatables there, sometimes a stale egg, but very rarely. It has often been said that anything may be bought in England for money, and it is generally true enough. This is one of the distinctions of England, good bread, butter, meats, &c. &c., and by far more universally good than in the United States, but there is not the same abundance of them for the great human family. And why not? I shall from time to time give some of the reasons.

"At our hotel, I asked the waiter the price of eggs. He told me that he did not know, nor of any marketable article; meaning, no doubt, of the general provisions for the house. This is the kind of education which the common people of England get, and which is so inferior to that of the United States. These are the antiquated notions which leave a Chinese where he was under Confucius, and an Englishman, in some respects, like his forefathers under the Edwards and the Henrys. This, they say, comes from the nice division of labour and keeping a man to one thing, by which he becomes so much more perfect in that. But why should not a waiter know prices? What is more important to a man who is to get a living? Waiters in England often become landlords; every man ought to know the prices, as far as he can, of the things he lives upon."

Coming to London, Mr. Sedgwick, of course, talks about our roads, our coaches, our horses, and our coachmen.

* Public and Private Economy, illustrated by Observations made in England. By Theodore Sedgwick. New York, 1838.

"Some few broken-down gentlemen in England resort to the coach for a living; I mean broken down by their own folly and extravagance, by far the most common way of breaking-down here and everywhere. There is no reason, to be sure, why a coachman should not be in all essentials a gentleman, but there is reason enough, generally, why he should not be a broken-down gentleman. We met with one instance of a half-pay officer who drove a coach. This man is well known; we first heard of him repeatedly by name, and then saw him on the route from Brighton to London. There are many false gods in England, as there are, no doubt, in all countries. I have mentioned one; rank is another; before this supreme deity a common man falls prostrate. Our coachman was a *baronet*, and, as he approached the coach to take the reins, a man on the box said, in a deferential whisper, 'That's a baronet, that's a baronet.' The servants have a customary sign of deference of this kind. For instance: they ask a gentleman, 'Will you have your clothes washed to-day?' or, 'Shall I move your trunk to the opposite side of the room?' The gentleman says 'Yes,' and the servant says, 'Thankee, sir.' This we in the United States think is being thankful for small favours. Such is the subservient tone of the servants and common people in England, and so painful is it to those who truly delight in the equal condition of things in the United States! Our man of rank was very communicative to the passengers; the coachman being a sort of showman, who points out the various objects of interest on the road to those who sit near him. A farmer (he seemed to be a very inferior sort of a farmer) on the same seat with myself asked some person for information about the weather, or some equally indifferent matter; to which the baronet replied, and the farmer said, 'Thankee, sir.'

"A coachman, if for anything, should be distinguished by the appropriateness, simplicity, and durability of his dress, and not by its finery. I have seen more than one start from the White-horse Cellar, Piccadilly, in white gloves, waistcoat, and pantaloons; and this is a man who is to drive through rain, dust, and all kinds of weather; he cannot get inside of the coach and save his fine clothes in case of a storm, as the outside passengers may. I have seen, also, from the seventh story of Meurice's in Paris, in the area below, three coachmen at once in white gloves, and, I think, all dressed in black. But the coachman says, 'I am not an hostler; do not clean horses, coach, and harness, as your American coachmen do.' That is quite true, for his main business is to drive the coach; but, then, he must drive in all weather; and then, again, when passengers get down on the road, or in entering a town, he must, if there be no guard, which is very common, help them off with their baggage, clean or dirty; so that, after all, his white gloves, waistcoat, and pantaloons, in his situation, are in poor taste. This is one of the very foolish ways in which the common people waste their money. Our baronet was compelled, as we entered London, to leave the box to take off the dirty baggage of several passengers, among others, that of two very coarse women, and did not fail to give us the usual recognition of thankfulness in touching his hat upon receiving our shillings. This gentleman wore two diamonds or other precious stones in his checked neck-cloth, and had carnations in his horses' headstalls, another *cheap* beauty. This baronet was the only swearing coachman that I heard in England, though I believe that the English, in this elegant accomplishment, are not behind most of their European neighbours.

"The baronet told us that he 'horsed the coach' a part of the way from Brighton to London, that is, he owned the horses. Our coachman from Portsmouth to London, and from Newmarket to Wells, told us the same thing. This plan of making the coachman interested in the establishment is certainly a good one; it requires him to be a man of property, and gives greater security to the passengers; for every man will take greater care of his own than of what belongs to another. To be at once a partner and a labourer is one thing, to be a labourer only is another."

He went to St. James's Church, and found it rather too aristocratic for his taste:—

"Yesterday I went to church at St. James's, Westminster, Jermyn-street. I had been often told that there would be no difficulty in obtaining a seat, there being in these churches regular pew-openers for strangers, they expecting, of course, pay for this service. No seat being offered, I crowded in at one of the doors, and took my stand in a back aisle, where I remained till the sermon was about half finished. In this aisle were a good many common people, who seemed, by their dress, to be servants and other people of the lower classes. Some of these were children, and some grown persons. The pews were so high that many of

these people, who were near me in the aisles, could not see the preacher, nor did they attempt it; some, however, were stretching their heads over the high pews for this purpose. Others may think as they will, but these strong lines of separation between high and low, rich and poor, are not to my taste. I would rather see, as in the Catholic churches, the rich and the poor man's knees bent at the same altar. It is a very unchristianlike taste to crowd the servants and poor people in the doorways, where they are placed in most inconvenient situations for hearing and seeing the preacher, or making their devotions profitable. The sermon was preached for the Burlington school of charity girls, in which it was stated that one hundred and ten were wholly maintained and educated. It seemed to me that the sermon was a pretty poor comment on the occasion. A prepared hymn was handed about, in the last stanza of which were the following lines:

"By thy pattern, in thy name,
Aid from brother men we claim."

"'Brother men!' words of deep import; words that will make a prodigious change in our books of political economy some day or other, how great probably none can divine; words not so well, I think, understood in many things in England as in the United States, nor as well here as they should or will be."

"The sermon, so much of it as I heard, was a very indifferent production for a man of high rank; it dealt in many unmeaning generalities, as the importance of instilling into the minds of youth 'specific principles, such as were taught in the Church of England,' &c., a topic turned over and over, but of which neither young nor old could very well see the force."

"One ceremony in this service was rather striking. As the preacher ascended the pulpit there followed him a person (I suppose the beadle) habited in what appeared at a distance to be a blue surtout, with a rich livery cape, who went up the pulpit stairs, opened the door, and closed it after the bishop had entered. This appeared to me a low and wasteful service to put a 'brother' man to, thus occupying his mind with a frivolous, unnecessary, and, of course, degrading duty; it is but a common way of destroying the lower orders by putting them to perform acts that make them contemptible in their own eyes. It is a sure way of breaking down the spirit of a man. I was certain, before I left England, that I saw at work, in the minds of good people, of whom there are so many, that true Christian principle which will go on slowly but certainly to level those distinctions which pamper the pride of the great and demoralize the lower orders."

"An English coffee-room in London or a large town is generally a spacious apartment, provided with small tables that will usually accommodate two persons, some more; these are set around the walls of the room, and often in the middle of it. Whenever a guest appears he takes one of these tables; sometimes you see three or four persons who are dining together as friends at the same table. I have called these coffee-rooms regions of the dead, and so they are to a stranger. No man speaks to his neighbour as a general rule, though the legs of their tables may not be a foot from each other; not even when they sit around the blazing, cheerful fireside, so far as I saw. This is rather tantalizing, after thirty days of sea-sickness, to one who has come over the water three or four thousand miles to enjoy social pleasures and gain useful knowledge, and all because he may turn out to be a shop-keeper or a tailor; or perhaps it is the tailor or shopkeeper himself that declines the intercourse. This they call in England the etiquette of rank, which prevails to a degree not known in any other country. Some attribute this reserve to the unsocial character of the English, but that is not the case. I did not find it so; but, on the contrary, this barrier of rank out of the way, by a fair introduction, so that they may know who you are, and that you are entitled to their society, they become at once communicative, natural, and pleasing. Men of knowledge are communicative, of course; they have something to say, and they like to say it. But in these hotels you are chained to your table and muzzled like a bull-dog. If all these nice distinctions of rank be so important, it is a pity that so good a people as those of England cannot find out some more pleasing, natural, and useful way of maintaining them. They have a stupid little book in England, which, if I remember right, is said in the title-page to have gone through six editions, entitled 'Hints on Etiquette,' &c. In this work, which the unfledged new-comers into fashionable society, called in Europe *parvenus* or upstarts, and who are generally the greatest sticklers for rank, read with great attention, there is this very sage rule of manners—"Never make acquaintances in coffee-houses," &c.

"In going up Ludgate-hill in London, my friend stopped at the famous shop of Rundell and Bridge. Upon saying that he was from the United States (which we always found passport enough), and that he wished to see the establishment, a clerk gave himself up for that purpose. Among other things, my friend was shown a set of diamonds, bracelets, and earrings, valued at £70,000, about 350,000 dollars; the clerk informing him that there were instances when noblemen married, of their paying £10,000—50,000 dollars—for a set of diamonds. He showed a number of brilliants of various prices, and the model of the Pigot diamond, about as large as two thumb-nails, which Mohammed Ali bought for £30,000. He verified the old maxim, "that all is not gold that glistens," by saying that there was very little gold plate; that which is called gold plate is silver gilded.

"The Pitt diamond was purchased for £130,000, and is now said to be valued at twice that sum. It was lately in the handle of the sword of Bonaparte. Many of the richest diamonds are obtained in Brazil, where they are procured at an immense expense of the labour of poor slaves; and then it is by the labour of the poor men and women of England they are bought of Brazil. In the early history of Virginia, it is said that Captain John Smith obtained from the Indian chief Powhattan two or three hundred bushels of corn for a pound or two of beads. Mr. Burke says that the rich are the trustees of the poor; it will be more to the purpose when the poor become their own guardians. Rundell and Bridge will not then be able to exchange their diamonds for as many days of poor people's labour as at present. It would be better for us if all the jewellery in creation was melted into one shapeless mass of deformity, than to allow it to consume so much as it does of the labour of the world through an accursed vanity and pride, sustained only by unrighteous privileges."

"No one can have any adequate idea of the importance which the people of England attach to strong beer and ale. Beer is another of the gods worshipped there, and John Barleycorn is certainly one of the greatest men in the United Kingdom.

"From ordinary appearances, you would suppose that all the water in England had been turned into beer. You see it constantly travelling about the streets in London in pint and quart mugs. In the west end, I saw coachmen and footmen, after having got rid of their masters and mistresses, stop at the beer-shops and partake of this enlivening potation, the coachman not leaving his box. The people of England, in regard to beer (1836), seem to be nearly where we were in respect to ardent spirits ten years ago. If you were to tell them that men here in the iron-works, the forges, the glass-works, and firemen at the steam-engines, are often mere water-drinkers, they would think the story a fable. They verily believe that beer is indispensable; that they cannot work without it; that it is essential to make them strong.

"The English common people drink beer of various degrees of strength. At Highgate, near London, at a village inn, I fell into conversation with a man who was going into London, with his cart drawn by three excellent horses; the harness strong, clean, and in perfect order, and the cart newly painted. The common farming utensils in England are kept in such beautiful repair, that it would seem that it was designed that they should never wear out. There is very little poverty on the outside of things in England, and it argues much in favour of the manly pride of the poor people that they are able to keep up a good appearance in the midst of so many trials and difficulties. This man had been drawing hay, and told me that the wages of pitchers and stackers at that time were three-and-sixpence per day, but no beer. That he drank three pints of porter a day, and generally paid a penny halfpenny a pint. That he did not know any one who did not drink porter, meaning, no doubt, some kind of ale or strong beer.

"In going from London to the neighbourhood of Windsor, my seat on the coach was next to a woman who told me that she had been a servant in a gentleman's family. I never failed to avail myself of such an opportunity of conversation, whatever might be thought of the gentility of the thing. She said that she knew Lord Lyndhurst's family in town, mentioning that great legal character, whose name has long been well known in the United States; that in his town-house he had eleven domestics, one of whom was the butler; that a butler's place in such a house was worth forty-five or fifty guineas a year; that he is at the head of the servants; keeps the plate; cleans it; draws the beer for the servants at dinner and supper; that each, as a general rule, is entitled to a pint twice a day; that she drank a pint at dinner, and another at supper, as regularly as she drank her two cups of tea; that beer was good for her; that she could not live without it. I beg that the reader

will observe that I do not rely upon the exact accuracy of all these statements, nor are they important. In such cases, the story is told to illustrate some main truth, which, in this case, is the beer-drinking habit of the people. By this faith, that beer is a life preserver, the English live, and by this they die.

"Being desirous of knowing how far she had studied political economy, without, perhaps, knowing the name, I entered into some conversation about the wages of servants, &c. She told me that servants, in respect to their wages, were not as well off as they had been; that there might be the difference of a quarter. It must be remembered that, since the war and the reign of paper-money, prices in England generally have fallen. *Being desirous of knowing how far she understood Mr. Malthus, I asked her the cause of this fall in wages; upon which she said it was owing to the 'popularity' of the people, meaning, doubtless, populousness, or that the people had overbred, and that there were 'more guests than plates,' according to Mr. Malthus's favourite economy; [a nice topic of conversation for our economist to select with a lady!] never for a moment dreaming that the more property servants waste, the less there is to pay them in wages; that servants must, of course, have less wages there in consequence of the seas of beer they drink; nor imagining that the millions they pay in taxation on malt have anything to do with their comforts. If common labourers do not get some common-sense ideas into their heads upon these subjects, they will go on here just as helpless, dependent and destitute as they have elsewhere.*

"When in Wales I went to see the iron-works at Merthyr Tydvil, which are some of the first in the world. The men here drink excessively, and, from the nature of their occupation, more than most other labourers. Very few, consequently, lay up any part of their wages; they pay fourpence and fivepence a quart for beer, buying at retail, which is the case in everything with wasteful, childish people. One of the overseers told us that some of the men drank little less than a pound worth of beer in a week; the rollers, or part of them at least, then earning two pounds a week. At what speed might not a poor man go ahead in England, earning ten dollars a week, and practising the prudent, temperate ways of the economical part of the people!"

But here we must part from our economist. He went to Newmarket, and was amazed at the follies and wasteful extravagances of horse-racing; he went into a gin-shop on Holborn Hill, and bought a glass of "cordial" gin, for which he says he only paid a halfpenny, but which he thought was "undoubtedly adulterated;" and at an inn in Manchester, he saw—"after having been some days an inmate of the house without knowing of the existence of such a place, a sort of smoking room, where gentlemen tipplers, or, at any rate, those who appeared to be gentlemen, were drinking, just as our gentlemen tipplers do; it was in the back part of the house, and seemed, from decency, to be as far removed from observation as it could be." Let us part, however, with some illustrative observations, which contain keen truth in them:—

"A boy of seventeen or eighteen years of age was brought before the magistrates by his master, a farmer. The master being sworn, proved that the boy went out at ten o'clock at night against his master's orders, and stayed out all night. The boy did not deny the charge. It is proper to state that it was said he had once before been before the magistrates for some other offence. The magistrates sentenced him to one week's solitary confinement in the county jail. As I went out of the room afterward, I saw this boy in a little lock-up place crying like a child, the tears streaming down his cheeks. Subsequently, in my presence, he was led with an iron chain about one wrist to the jail, in one apartment of which I saw common felons on the treadmill. What ideas can such boys have of the morals of keeping good hours, when the ladies and gentlemen of London order their carriages for a rout at ten or eleven o'clock at night, and roll home in them at daylight in the morning? When shall it be that we shall cease to have one kind of morals for the rich people and another for the poor? How soon shall we have one law for high and low? There was no reciprocal justice in this case. How many offences, equally heinous both in the sight of God and man, might not this master have been guilty of towards the servant without punishment by the magistrates?

"The master told me that he paid this boy three shillings and sixpence per week, the boy furnishing his own food, and that this was common wages for such boys. This will show what portion of the good things in England is enjoyed by those who plough the fields, trim the hedges, and contribute so great a part of the labour which goes to bring forth that exquisite embellishment which there fills the soul with delight."

A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE JEWS.

III.—FROM THE FIRST TO THE SIXTH CENTURY OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

As has been intimated in the first of these papers, the circumstance of Jerusalem becoming a kind of type of Judaism, resulted from the accident of David having selected it as the seat of the government. Jerusalem, of itself, has nothing whatever to do with the religious system of the Jews. That system was organised, and in operation, centuries before the city was wrested from the Canaanites who held it; and though, from various causes, (the chief of which being that the Jews were now a settled nation,) it was necessary that the great central place of worship should become a fixture, still the Temple was worthy of no more regard or veneration than the moveable TABERNACLE which it superseded.

But this idea of locality, being an essential of their faith and worship, grew up in the understandings of the later Jews, until it struck its roots deep into the national mind. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem!" was the aspiration of the devout Jew, "let my right hand forget its cunning!" This has sustained them during the long period of their dispersion and their misery, though Jerusalem has been, as it were, repeatedly ploughed up, and its exact site, in spite of its many natural landmarks, has become almost a matter of doubt. Destruction has not eradicated this idea of locality, and rivalry could not break it down. There was a Jewish temple and high-priest at Hierapolis, in Egypt; and the mixed race of Jews and heathens who occupied that part of Palestine, the ancient territory of the Ten Tribes, and who were known as Samaritans, received from Alexander the Great permission to build a temple on Mount Gerizim, after the model of that of Jerusalem. All these have been ineffectual; nor has even Mohammedanism chilled that ardent affection with which the genuine Jew turns to his beloved city, as "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth."

One of the great objects of the mission of our Saviour, was to introduce a new system of things which would utterly destroy this idea of locality. "Woman, believe me," said he, addressing the wondering Samaritan female, "the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain [Mount Gerizim] nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father." And yet how this idea, thus prophetically denounced, has lived during all the period of the Christian era that has passed! For at least the last seventeen hundred years, crowds of Christian pilgrims have visited Jerusalem,—a few in that spirit of enlightened curiosity which leads us to contemplate with interest the scenes of memorable events, but by far the greater number to gaze with a stupid but reverential imbecility upon fancied relics and fancied sites, and thinking that a visit to the "Holy Land" was atonement for many transgressions!

The apostles, like their fellow-countrymen, expected a temporal kingdom, of which Christ was to be the head, and themselves the ministers; and, as their minds became slowly enlightened to perceive the universality as well as the spirituality of the new faith, they still clung to the idea of Jerusalem being the seat and centre of a spiritually-physical government—a spiritual despotism. Among the first converts, too, there were, as we are told, "thousands who believed, who were not yet zealous of the law." Here, then, was a beginning of that great struggle between Judaism and Christianity, which is still carried on,—a struggle in which both have conquered, and both have been defeated,—a struggle of alternate adaptation, modification, and repulsion. We see in the Acts, how the apostles themselves frequently trimmed between the Old and New Testament, driven up and down by the force of their own

prejudices, or by the clamour of their countrymen; and Paul himself, the uncompromising Paul, yielded in many things, and that rite of circumcision, which he everywhere proclaimed as obsolete, and belonging only to the past, he yet practised on the person of Timothy. And this leads us to remark on that strange figment, the purity of the apostolic age, which has provoked wagon-loads of controversy. Christianity has, from the very first, been held in error. It was preached by Jews to Jews, and mixed up with Judaism; it was preached by both Jews and Gentiles to Jews and Gentiles, many of whom were poor and ignorant, and their minds incapable of receiving it in its greatness, and purity, and truth. The pure ages of Christianity are yet to come; its triumphs are reserved for its latest, not its earliest days; and in this respect it may be compared to "the light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

The ruling authorities at Jerusalem struggled fiercely with the apostles, as the propagators of the new faith; and the Jews scattered over Asia Minor and Greece maltreated the daring Paul, wherever he appeared. But we must refer our readers to the Acts of the Apostles, for details respecting the earlier history of the propagation of Christianity—a history full of interest to all who care for the progress of opinion, and who are fond of tracing the first workings of influences which have produced such an extraordinary effect on man. We only remind him, that the book concludes with an important part of Paul's biography. When he visited Jerusalem, after a considerable absence, his brother apostles told him that he was disliked by even the *Christian Jews*, for they were informed that he travelled about, speaking bitter things against the Law, and bringing that venerable system, which they loved dearer than life, into contempt amongst the Gentiles. So they advised him to try a stratagem, and to appear in the Temple in reverential attitude, like one going through the ceremonials of purification; and thus the Jews, seeing him there, might conclude that he was a slandered man, and be persuaded that he "walked orderly, and kept the law." The stratagem produced quite the contrary effect. Jews from Asia Minor knew him, and, thinking that he had come to add personal insult to their holy Temple, they raised a fanatic yell, shouting out, "Men of Israel, help! This is the man that teacheth all men everywhere against the people, and the law, and this place!" A mob gathered at the cry, and Paul would have perished in their hands, had not the Roman "chief captain of the band" come down with troops, and rescued him. This event leads to the detail of those orations, addressed by Paul to the Jewish mob, and to king Agrippa; to his appeal to Cæsar, and his disastrous voyage to Italy; to his arrival in the "Eternal City," and to his being visited by the resident Jews, who came to hear his opinions—"for, as concerning this sect, we know that it is everywhere spoken against."

The Jews in Judea, grievously oppressed by a succession of rapacious Roman governors, and fretting about their national independence, and about the coming of a delivering Messiah, were at last goaded into revolt. For several years the war was carried on with varied fortune; but at last, A.D. 70, Jerusalem was invested, and, after an obstinate resistance, taken by the Romans, under Titus. The particulars have been minutely recorded by Josephus, and the fearful calamities endured by the Jews justify completely the prophetic declaration, that "in those days shall be affliction, such as was not from the beginning of the creation which God created, unto this time, neither shall be." But though Jerusalem was sacked, the Temple burned down, the people sold as slaves, and the landed property of the country confiscated, by the conquerors, we must not suppose, either that the Jews were rooted out of Judea, or that the taking of Jerusalem by Titus was the final desolation of the "holy city." The country appears gradually to have recovered, and Jerusalem to have been rebuilt, when another great insurrectionary movement of the Jews brought down upon them another severe punishment. The expectation of a Deliverer again became general; one of the Jewish rabbins,

Akibah, a great light among his brethren, and of whom they said that things were revealed to him which were unknown to Moses, proclaimed the advent of this Messiah, in the person of an adventurer, Barcochebas. This man, being joined by numbers of his countrymen, took Jerusalem (A.D. 132) from the Roman garrison, proclaimed the independence of Judea, struck coins, having on one side his own name, and on the other "Freedom to Jerusalem," and played the king for three years. The emperor Hadrian, to crush this rebellion, sent for his ablest general, Julius Severus, out of Britain; and those who are fond of remarking "coincidences" may be struck by the fact, that in both cases, the rebellion under Nero, and the rebellion under Hadrian, the generals, and many of the troops, who crushed the Jews, went direct, for the purpose, from Britain to Palestine. Severus succeeded, as Titus had done sixty years before; Barcochebas perished; the rabbi Akibah and many of his friends were put to cruel deaths; the very name of Jerusalem was ordered to be blotted out, that of *Ælia Capitolina* being given to houses erected for a Roman colony on a portion of the site; and Hadrian issued an edict, forbidding the Jews to practise circumcision, or to read the Law, or observe the Sabbath. It is affirmed that half-a-million of Jews perished in this revolt.

This last severe punishment appears to have sobered the minds of the Jews; their vehement desire for a national existence was somewhat quenched; and applying themselves to commercial and industrial pursuits throughout the Roman empire, the recollection of their stubborn restlessness was so far forgotten, that the edict of Hadrian became inoperative under subsequent emperors, and the Jews enjoyed a tacit toleration. Meantime, Christianity was spreading; and Christians and Jews came frequently into collision. But the Pagans confounded both together, regarding both as branches of the same stock, divided on some trivial matter: the contemptuous remark of Festus, when Paul was brought before him, expressing what was long a very general opinion—that the disputes of Jews and Christians related to "certain questions of their own superstition," and of "one Jesus who was dead, whom the Christians affirmed to be alive." But the controversy soon became a fierce rivalry between Christians and Jews. Very early did the spirit of Judaism take possession of the Christian church. The severe simplicity of Christianity, when brought into contrast with the gorgeousness of Paganism, appeared tame and insignificant; it could not professedly borrow from idolatry, but it borrowed from the Law; churches became temples; bishops high-priests; gradations of religious teachers composed a body, which imitated the Levitical institution, from the pontiff down to the "hewer of wood, and drawer of water;" the rabbins poured their contempt on the "Idumeans," the Christian Fathers retaliated by tremendous invectives against the Jews; and thus the controversy was merged in rivalry, and conviction prevented by mutual hatred; the Jews regarding the Christians as interlopers and plagiarists, the Christians regarding the Jews as men under the anathema of God; and to this hour that mistaken and base spirit has left us its bitter fruit, in the civil disabilities which the Jews suffer, and in the mutual aversion which is still felt.

In addition to the law of Moses, the Jews had a host of traditional precepts, expositions, and commandments, handed down by one grave doctor to another, and taught in their schools, as of equal authority with the inspired writings. At the close of the second century of the Christian era, in the reign of Antoninus Pius, flourished Rabbi Judah Hakkadosh, or the Holy, who set himself to the task of collecting these traditions, and committing them to writing. "This rabbin was unquestionably one of those prescient minds which regulate the genius of a people; the 'Holy' saw his adored Judaism in its decrepitude—his hand restored it to what he deemed its pristine purity. Skilful and patient of labour, his zeal collected together the precepts of what is called the *Mishna*, or 'the Repetition.' It was a digest of Jewish customs, arranged by titles and chapters. The design of this eminent man in this great compilation was simply to preserve the *dicta* of his

predecessors or his cotemporaries. But the *Mishna*, at first considered as the perfection of human skill and industry, at length was discovered to be a vast indigested heap of contradictory decisions. It was a supplement to the law of Moses, which itself required a supplement. . . . The Jews had incurred the solemn reproach, in the days of Jesus, of having annihilated the word of God by the load of their traditions. The calamity became more fearful when, two centuries after, they received the fatal gift of their collected traditions, called *Mishna*; and still more fatal, when, in the lapse of the three subsequent centuries, the epoch of the final compilation, was produced the commentary graced with the title of *Gemara*, 'Completeness or Perfection!' It was imagined that the human intellect had here touched its meridian." The Talmud, or the Doctrinal, as the whole is called, was the labour of nearly five hundred years. "Twelve folios of the Babylonish Talmud, or 'the Doctrinal,' form this portentous monument in the intellectual history of man. Built up with all the strength and the subtilty, but with all the abuse of the human understanding; founded on the infirmities of our nature; a system of superstitions has immersed the Hebrews in a mass of ritual ordinances, casuistical glosses, and arbitrary decisions, hardly equalled."* But buried in the chaff of the Talmud are some grains of truth—its monstrous and ridiculous fictions and absurdities being interspersed with pleasing moral apoloques, wise precepts, historical recollections, and some profound allegories.

In spite of the personal ambition of bishops, party squabbles, absurd, ridiculous, and disgraceful controversies, Christianity had spread through the Roman empire; and it seemed to have attained its highest glory when Constantine the Great avowed himself a Christian. It appeared once more apparently under eclipse, when his nephew, Julian, that strange compound of genius, good sense, and vain folly, determined to restore the falling, fading paganism of the empire, and to rout the "Galileans," as he contemptuously nicknamed the Christians. "The vain and ambitious mind of Julian," says Gibbon, "might aspire to restore the ancient glory of the Temple of Jerusalem. As the Christians were firmly persuaded that a sentence of everlasting destruction had been pronounced against the whole fabric of the Mosaic law, the imperial sophist would have converted the success of his undertaking into a specious argument against the faith of prophecy, and the truth of revelation. He resolved to erect without delay, on the commanding eminence of Moriah, a stately temple, which might eclipse the splendour of the church of the Resurrection on the adjacent hill of Calvary; to establish an order of priests, whose interested zeal would detect the arts, and resist the ambition, of their Christian rivals; and to invite a numerous colony of Jews, whose stern fanaticism would be always prepared to second, and even to anticipate, the hostile measures of the pagan government. At the call of their great deliverer, the Jews, from all the provinces of the empire, assembled on the holy mountain of their fathers; and their insolent triumph alarmed and exasperated the Christian inhabitants of Jerusalem. The desire of rebuilding the Temple has, in every age, been the ruling passion of the children of Israel. In this propitious moment, the men forgot their avarice, and the women their delicacy; spades and pick-axes of silver were provided by the vanity of the rich, and the rubbish was transported in mantles of silk and purple. Every purse was opened in liberal contributions, every hand claimed a share in the pious labour; and the commands of a great monarch were executed by the enthusiasm of a whole people.

"Yet, on this occasion, the joint efforts of power and enthusiasm were unsuccessful; and the ground of the Jewish Temple, which is now covered by a Mohammedan mosque, still continued to exhibit the same edifying spectacle of ruin and desolation. Perhaps the absence and death of the emperor, and the new maxims of a Christian reign, might explain the interruption of an arduous work, which was attempted only in the last six months of

* D'Isseli, *Genius of Judaism*; an able and singular book.

the life of Julian. But the Christians entertained a natural and pious expectation, that, in this memorable contest, the honour of religion would be vindicated by some signal miracle. An earthquake, a whirlwind, and a fiery eruption, which overturned and scattered the new foundations of the Temple, are attested, with some variations, by cotemporary and respectable evidence. Gregory Nazianzen, who published his account of the miracle before the expiration of the same year, boldly declared that this preternatural event was not disputed by the infidels; and his assertion, strange as it may seem, is confirmed by the unexceptionable testimony of Ammianus Marcellinus. The philosophic soldier, who loved the virtues, without adopting the prejudices of his master, (Julian) has recorded, in his judicious and candid history of his own times, the extraordinary obstacles which interrupted the restoration of the Temple at Jerusalem. 'Whilst Alypius,' he says, 'assisted by the governor of the province, urged, with vigour and diligence, the execution of the work, horrible balls of fire, breaking out near the foundations, with frequent and reiterated attacks, rendered the place, from time to time, inaccessible to the scorched and blasted workmen; and the victorious element continuing in this manner obstinately and resolutely bent, as it were, to drive them to a distance, the undertaking was abandoned.' Such authority should satisfy a believing, and must astonish an incredulous mind. Yet a philosopher may still require the original evidence of impartial and intelligent spectators. At this important crisis, any singular accident of nature would assume the appearance, and produce the effects, of a real prodigy. This glorious deliverance would be speedily improved and magnified by the pious art of the clergy of Jerusalem, and the active credulity of the Christian world; and, at the distance of twenty years, a Roman historian, careless of theological disputes, might adorn his work with the specious and splendid miracle."

This event has exercised the ingenuity of controversialists down to our own day; and at present there are intelligent men who can see nothing strange in the affirmation, that in the year A.D. 363, the Divine Power was specially manifested in this manner, to confound Jew and Pagan, and to uphold the honour and integrity of the Christian faith. Such an opinion could only have arisen from that "idea of locality," of which we have spoken, and which has been transmitted from the Jewish to the Christian mind. No re-erection of the Temple could, by any possibility, restore the Mosaic polity, falsify a single prophecy, or injure, in the slightest degree, the truth of Christianity. We have seen how small was the number of the Jews who returned, at the close of the Captivity, to rebuild Jerusalem and the Temple, when prophecy and hope pointed to a resuscitation of the kingdom of Israel. However strong the desire to return to their own land, what more powerful motive could exist, to bring together all the Jews from their dispersion throughout the Roman empire, in the reign of Julian, than there existed in the reign of the Persian Cyrus? Or could a temple erected by a professed idolator ever be justly considered as the Temple of God? No: the Mosaic ritual was abrogated, the prophecies were fulfilled, and twenty temples on Mount Moriah would neither bring back the one, nor damage the other.

The truth of the matter is this. In the reign of Constantine Judaism had rapidly overspread Christianity; the one had imbibed the spirit of the other; mimicked its ceremonies, and its ancient splendour. The two, therefore, became, more than ever, excited rivals; but Judaic Christianity, being in the ascendant, exerted its power against rabbinical Judaism. Constantine made laws concerning the Jews, forbidding them from possessing Christian slaves, from endangering the lives of converts from the Law to the Gospel, or from receiving Christians who abandoned their own faith for that of Judaism. Under Constantine's son and successor, Constantius, insurrections in Judea and at Alexandria gave a pretext for severer enactments; and the edict of Hadrian was renewed, which prohibited the Jews from entering Jerusalem. But under Julian the scale was turned; imperial favour was withdrawn from the Christians, and the Jews were patronised. Jeru-

salem, by this time, had become a place of great profit and importance in the hands of the Christians; crowds of pilgrims visited it, and its church was rich, from contributions, and by the sale of relics; and its bishopric, (an object of great ambition,) was filled by Cyril, a clever, credulous, but not over-scrupulous prelate. If the Temple had been rebuilt, and given to the Jews, they might have ejected the Christians from Jerusalem; and there is, therefore, far more reason to suspect exaggeration or fraud, in the "balls of fire" which checked the workmen, than to suppose that God would interpose to perform a needless miracle, to gratify one of two factions. If we are driven to natural causes, we may find one in those earthquakes to which Palestine is so subject, and the effects of which Jerusalem has repeatedly felt, though it has escaped with impunity as compared with other portions of the country.

We have dwelt longer on this incident than its intrinsic merit or importance deserves, because it tends to illustrate not only the state of the Jews, but the extent to which Christianity had imbibed Judaism. Julian was the last Roman emperor who avowed paganism; his successors all professed Christianity; and under them the Jews too often felt the weight of Christian hands. The doctrine of "divine right"—a doctrine borrowed from the Jewish theocracy—was openly inculcated; the emperors were told that, by virtue of being Christians, they held their unquestioned power and right direct from the God of Christianity; the Jewish ritual was robbed more and more, to swell out Christian ceremonial; and the audacious Ambrose, archbishop of Milan, told the Emperor Theodosius, that the toleration of the Jews was equivalent to the persecution of the Christians. Justinian, too, one of the first who enacted really oppressive laws against the Jews, gloried in being a Jewish Christian. After he built the great church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, he had it solemnly consecrated, in imitation of the consecration of the Temple; and, in the midst of the festival, he exclaimed, in the pride of his heart, "Glory be to God, who hath thought me worthy to accomplish so great a work—I have vanquished thee, O Solomon!"

TONGUELESS DOG RETAINING THE POWER OF BARKING.

I HAVE a favourite spaniel dog of the "king Charles" breed," thirteen years old, and as he cannot relate a "tale of woe" of himself, I propose to do so for him, in as few words as possible.

In June last, in a small steel trap, set in the cellar, for the purpose of taking rats, he was accidentally caught at about midway of the tongue, and in this situation he remained about three-fourths of an hour. On examination after he was extricated, the tongue was found started out of its natural position in the mouth, some four inches. Everything was done to relieve his sufferings, and in the hopes that the tongue would again adhere to its former position in the mouth, but the tongue being much mutilated, was found after a lapse of forty-eight hours, the weather being warm, to have become perfectly black; at this time the "poor old dog" exhibited a desire to leave his kennel, which he was permitted to do, and he went direct for the ocean, where he "cooled the fever of his blood" by a swim; he thence went away and was absent alone about half an hour, when he returned to his kennel perfectly tongueless, having as was supposed, torn out his own tongue, by putting his paws upon it, as he had before been seen to do. He was fed during the time upon boiled rice and soup; and ate the usual quantity, on his head being held up so that the food would run down his throat. Necessity is said to be the mother of invention, which seems to have been verified in this case, as the "old favourite" now feeds himself as well as he ever did, upon every variety of food; drinks as well as ever, although after the manner of a pig, by running his nose more than usual into the water; and what seems still more remarkable, he barks with the same distinctness as usual, on the least intrusion upon his premises in the night time, as he did before the loss of his tongue, and in all respects seems as well as he was previous to the accident.—From *Sullivan's American Journal*.

DELIBERATION; OR, THE CHOICE.

"On! do come, Mary, into the garden; it is getting so beautiful. The lupines I sowed the other day are coming up already, and there are so many fresh roses out this morning."

"Just now, Jane, I am engaged."

"Oh! but I want you to tell me how to transplant some of my new flowers."

"Well, well; we'll see about it by and by. Why, Jane, what is the matter with you! Tears in your eyes!"

"Hush—speak low! I want to see you alone."

"Come, then, into the garden.—Now, my dear Jane, what ails you?"

"Read that letter."

"What my eyes must have long since told you, my lips refuse any longer to conceal. I love you deeply, fervently, everlastingly. Should my fate have such a blessing in store for me as to render me worthy in your eyes, and to give me the most charming of women, it would indeed render me the happiest of men! I lay my all at your feet, and count every minute an hour till you bless me with one word of hope."

"This is indeed serious, though not otherwise than I expected and feared. Markham loves you. Yes, it was but too evident for his own peace of mind, or Maxwell's, who has beheld, with no unnatural impatience, this stranger's attention to you. Well, he must be answered at once. To leave him one moment in suspense were unpardonable. You must tell him you consider yourself engaged to another: if he be an honourable man, you will thus win his respect for your frank avowal, and at once cause him to dismiss from his mind all thoughts of further solicitation."

"Well, but—I mean—that is—hadn't I better show the letter to papa?"

"Not for the world, my dear sister. Why would you unnecessarily violate a confidence that a woman should ever hold sacred?—You do not answer me. Is it possible that you love this man, and that the noble-hearted being, who (Heaven forgive him!) almost idolises you, is forgotten?"

"Well, sister, you are very sudden in your suppositions. Let us go in."

"One word first. Do you think I love you?"

"Oh, yes! Yet, forgive me this petulance—I am very miserable."

"Nay, my dearest, only sister, don't sob so. Here, come into the arbour. Let us now clearly understand what it is we are to grieve and weep so about. I say we; for, believe me, whatever touches thy heart is not far from mine. Come, now, you were fond of asking my advice, and—O rare virtue! my sister,—generally to follow it. Why didst thou do so!"

"Because you always understood me, even when we differed; and your judgment was better than mine."

"Well, I will try to understand you once more. So, now your heart—mark me, your heart—and I will talk together. Do you love this Markham?"

"I am afraid to say No, and still more afraid to say Yes."

"At all events, you like him better for a husband than Maxwell?"

"Ye—yes!"

"How long have you known this stranger?"

"Three months."

"And Maxwell?"

"Thirteen years."

"Which loves you best?"

"Mark—I don't know."

"That's my own sister. If we do choose his rival, we'll at least give poor Maxwell fair play. You think Markham handsome?"

"Oh, yes."

"And I own his rival plain, unless when he is sometimes gazing on you, or when you speak suddenly to him. This stranger dresses well, too; his air is polished and gentlemanly, his manners agreeable. Any thing more? Oh, yes!—as Othello says, he 'sings, plays, and dances well.' Any thing more? Do you think his judgment good?—in poetry, for instance."

"He loves it dearly."

"For its own sake or yours? Well, we will pass that, and believe, as the young god could make a Cymon love, he may accomplish the still harder task, and make a fine gentleman poetical."

"Don't you think his disposition excellent?"

"As an impulse, yes, but no further; and therefore, as an impulse, liable to lead him as often wrong as right; to be always impelling him to attempt good and great things, but never rendering him capable of those patient and arduous exertions by which alone they are accomplished. But I will tell you something of him that has pleased me. What! your eyes sparkle at that. Poor old Widow Smith's son fell from a ladder the other day, and broke his leg, and almost at the same time his mother's heart. Mr. Markham happened to be passing at the time, and was indefatigable in his endeavours to get him carefully conveyed to the hospital; and when he left him at the door gave him some money, having heard, on his way, that his parent was bedridden, and totally dependent on the man's exertions."

"Well, that was noble of him. Dear me! Poor old Widow Smith! I have heard nothing of this before. Who informed you of it?"

"One of the neighbours. I went this morning to the hospital, to see if I could do anything for the poor fellow. I found him better than I expected: some one, who had heard of the accident, and knew the impossibility of parent and son seeing each other in their distress, had visited them daily,—and oh! the value of kind feelings, kind thoughts, and kind words, at such a time! No medicines like them! Sitting by poor Smith's bedside, I found this excellent person; and he it was who told me of Mr. Markham's benevolence."

"And did he—that is, Mr. Markham—go to see poor Smith at the hospital?"

"I believe not."

"I wish he had. Who was this admirable man you have been speaking of?"

"Why, to be sure Mr. Markham's visit would have gratified the sufferer even more than his money; but to blame him for not doing more, is but an ill return for what he has done. Besides, an hospital is not, of all places in the world, the pleasantest to visit; and the person I have alluded to had done all that was possible and requisite under the circumstances."

"Poor old Widow Smith! I'll go and see her directly. But who was it that praised Mr. Markham for his kindness, whilst so much more deserving praise himself? Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes; he is the best of men. When I first knew him, it was as the friend of him whom—But the time is favourable. You shall know now, for the first time, the particulars of that passage of my life you have so often asked me to explain. I could not then. Alas! I have no longer any motive or desire for concealment."

"My dear sister! how sadly you speak. Don't tell me now;—I have not seen you so moved this long time. Why there's a tear here!"

"Is there? May it then wash away the unhappy remembrance of his errors! I may now freely mourn over him in death; and, sad as that is, it is a relief to what I have endured. Oh, the misery of weeping hopelessly over the living! I can now trust myself to think of the only man I ever loved."

"Mr. Stewart, you mean?"

"I do. You know of our early engagement, our sudden unexplained separation. No! you were too young even to guess at the causes; and of his history you have hitherto heard so little, that probably much of what I am about to speak will be new to you. William Stewart was the son of poor parents, and his early years were passed in scenes of daily privation and toil. Would that had been all! His father was a violent, self-willed, proud-tempered man, who had known better days; his mother was capable of almost any meanness. It is strange in what uncongenial soils and places the human mind will grow into strength and beauty. When I first knew Stewart, he was a frank, graceful-minded, happy-hearted youth, with a touch of ambition that promised to elevate and strengthen his character. Of his mother's disposition I perceived no traces in him; of his father's, very little. We wandered together through every part of the broad forest; we sat together for hours side by side on the river-banks; we collected plants, mosses, and lichens, which, as he gathered, I explained. I think I see him now climbing one of the loftiest oaks, to fetch me an apple, and shaking the boughs above him, which he could not reach, with such violence that I was alarmed for his safety; I still

hear his clear, ringing laugh, as a bunch of the finest fruit fell at my feet. I was, indeed, but too happy! We parted;—he began the career we both believed would lead to success, comprising in that one word, honour, wealth, and fame. Time passed, and we were again together; but, alas! the spirit that had so enthralled me had lost its brightness. He loved me still—he loved his parents; but all the rest of the world appeared only to him a subject for ridicule or hatred. One drop of disappointment had poisoned the whole cup of life; he had not prospered as he expected. To me there was nothing in this comparative failure but what ought to have been anticipated. I saw he must be less sanguine of immediate success, but not one jot less hopeful of the future. Alas! his aspirations had no stronger foundation than vanity; they crumbled and fell away at the first shock. The seeds of headstrong will, which an evil education had implanted, and which is but selfishness under another name, a different aspect had now germinated, and threatened, unless eradicated by a vigorous hand, to cover all that was good in his nature with their baleful luxuriance. He grew better in the few weeks we spent together; became more patient and amiable; and, when the evil influences were not upon him, I loved him, from the very contrast, better than ever. Again we were severed;—he was to write to me continually—he wrote seldom. What the world calls love might not in his case have diminished; but I perceived, with unutterable agony, that my influence over him was totally lost. Spare me the shame, the anguish, of recording the evidences of his increasing unworthiness, which continually reached me: suffice it to say, that the elevation of mind, the purity of heart, that won my love, totally disappeared, I felt, for ever."

"My dear sister!"

"For a long time I saw, though afar off, the dreadful end of all this; but I hoped until the last—I confided till I felt my own self-respect departing from me. Then it was I determined to break the toils that environed me, at all hazards. I wrote to him after long and inexpressibly painful meditation. I said, 'Our sympathies, our motives, are no longer in harmony with each other—let us part.' I did all I could to soften what I felt would be a blow to him, and at the same time to let him see my decision was final. Anxiously did I pray to Heaven to prepare me for the interview that I knew must follow. He came, and with him the friend I have mentioned. Oh, the agony of that scene! Prayers and threats prevailed by turns: one moment he denounced, in frenzied terms, my inconstancy, and even threw out insinuations as to my motives; the next he threw himself at my feet, and with streaming eyes abjured his errors, and more, to make himself all that I wished to see him. His friend interfered, and after warmly checking him for his violence, which he saw I was fast sinking under, persuaded him to leave us awhile. He now proceeded to speak of Stewart in terms admirably calculated to influence my determination by influencing my judgment; he told me of various instances of his noble impulses, his generosity, of his deep unbounded love for me, which he had witnessed. In justice to myself, I explained fully my feelings and motives; I showed him the gradual process of the alienation of our spirits; whilst, as to his violence of character, his friend owned, with a deep sigh, he could neither deny the charge nor explain it away. In answer I was assured, that although Mr. Stewart was his best, in fact, his only friend, his benefactor, and that he loved him as dearly as it was possible for one brother to love another, I should not be harassed, if he could help it, by distressing solicitations. He ended by conjuring me, for his unhappy friend's sake, as well as my own future happiness, to hold out some hope—to give him at least the only motive that could redeem him. With broken accents he said, 'this, at least, for the very life of his friend,' he hoped. I shuddered; I could bear no more, but fainted away. When I recovered, I found Stewart and his friend bending over me; the former uttering a thousand incoherent passionate exclamations. Dreading a recurrence of the fit, which Stewart's violence might bring on, his friend with great difficulty drew him away."

"Oh, this is dreadful indeed! What could you do?"

"I had overrated my strength—this was too much for me. The still small voice yet whispered within, 'He is beyond your power—recovery is hopeless,' but I could not deny him anything that even appeared to influence him for the better. I yielded so far as to agree still to correspond with him, although I could not, would not, now again see him. I knew he would have striven to induce me to make still further concessions, and God knows the anguish that I felt whenever I refused him a request. I knew also that, if any possibility of future happiness still existed for us, there was

but one way to reach it, and that was, to deepen the impressions upon his mind of these painful scenes, so as to make their instruction permanent. His friend mournfully acquiesced in the propriety and necessity of my decision, and left me to inform Stewart of the result, which (must I own the painful truth?) I could not but hope would, on the whole, gratify him. I experienced also a relief, an unutterable relief, when I reflected that he had met a friend to watch over and guard him—perhaps to make him again—Oh! I dared not carry that thought farther. When Stewart was informed of the result of his friend's visit, he was for a time speechless with anguish and baffled will; for hours he would not leave the spot, and was only withheld by force from coming here at midnight. At last mortification prevailed over all other feelings; he sent me a short note renouncing me for ever, and thus made his selfishness as evident as it was most cruelly ill-timed. I have never heard from him since that hour! I have been informed, within the last few days, that he is dead. My name was last upon his lips; he still loved me, and I now know him only as I first knew him.—My buried love! we may yet meet in another world, wiser and better for the mistakes and sorrows of this."

"Oh, Mary! that I should know nothing of all this! I, who have so often thought you cold and insensate! Can you forgive me, and let me love you better than ever? But this friend—"

"Ay; I have only learned by accident that, in consequence of his noble conduct towards me, Stewart and himself were long strangers, and that the latter lost not only a friend but a benefactor; for, humble as were Stewart's means, he had still been able to assist him in severe and distressing pecuniary anxieties, and which were incalculably enhanced by the sudden estrangement. Whatever benefits, however, he had received, he was enabled to repay. Stewart died in his arms; the last hour of life cheered and solaced by his unwearied affection."

"Oh, Mary! I could indeed love that man."

"Art sure?"

"With all my heart and soul!—that is, if he loved me."

"Here then, he is now coming towards us."

"What, Maxwell!"

"Even he."

"Oh! if he knew my recent feelings, he would despise me now."

"Well, shall we accept this Markham?"

"No, no—never!"

"Hush, not so loud—Maxwell will hear you. What says that blush?—that he may? He seems agitated; perhaps he guesses what Markham has done—noticed, perhaps, your agitation when we withdrew. God bless you then, my dear sister!—you are worthy even of him, the worthiest man I know."

"Oh, no! Hush! don't go away."

"I faith, a good hint. Adieu!"

HOW TO SETTLE THE ATTORNEYS.

DINGLE is a small town in the south-west of Ireland, on the peninsula which forms one side of Dingle Bay. Lady Chatterton, in her recent Travels in the South of Ireland, gives us the following amusing specimen of the primitive manners of the people:—

"Law, sir," repeated the man of Dingle, with a look of astonishment and affright, "Law, sir! we never mind the law in our court. We judge by the honesty of the case that comes before us: and let me tell you, sir, that if every court were so conducted, there would be but few attorneys, and the country would be quiet and happy."

"But what would you do if any person brought an attorney these twenty-two long miles and hilly road (from Tralee), and introduced him into your court, and that he started some points of law, which required professional skill to reply to?"

"I'll tell you what I did myself," was the reply to this apparently perplexing question. "When I was deputy sovereign, two fools in this town employed each of them an attorney, whom they brought at a great expense from Tralee. When the attorneys went into court, and settled themselves with their bags and papers, all done up with red bits of tape, and one of them was getting up to speak, 'Crier,' said I, 'command silence.' 'Silence in the court!' says he. So I stood up, and looking first at one attorney, and then at the other, 'I said, with a solemn voice, 'I adjourn this court for a month.' 'God save the king!' said the crier; and then I left them all. And I assure you," he added, "that from that day to this no attorney ever appeared in our court; and, please God, we never will mind law in it, but go on judging by the honour and honesty of the cases that come before us."

THE COCO DE MER; OR, SEYCHELLES PALM.

We were very much struck, more than a year ago, on seeing in the hall of the Linnean Society a number of strange-looking, roundish, black bodies about two feet in circumference, and which, however whimsical or disproportionate it may appear, we could compare to no other known object than to the singular black eggs or pupæ (for they are said by entomologists to be one and the same,) of the dreaded forest-fly. On inquiring of Professor Don we found that they were the nuts of the Seychelles Islands Palm—in fact, the celebrated *Cocos de Mer*, which had been sent to him from their only habitat in the known world, the Mahé or Seychelles Islands in the Indian Ocean. The strange stories we had read of these almost fabulous nuts made us view them with peculiar interest, and we were delighted to find that those now before us were going to be distributed among various amateurs and professional botanists, in the hopes of young plants being raised from them in our own country, in the stores of the rich and affluent.

These nuts grow on a beautiful species of palm which, for a long time, has been the least perfectly known, and yet the most extensively celebrated of any of those "princes of the vegetable kingdom," as they are justly styled by Linneus. Before the discovery of the only place where they grow, in 1743, these nuts were solely known from having been found floating on the surface of the sea, near the Maldivé Islands, whence their French names of "*Coco de Mer*" and "*Coco des Maldives*" are derived. They are sometimes also called the double cocoa-nut. The old botanist Rumphius, speaking of these nuts, gravely assures us that it is not a terrestrial production which may have fallen by accident into the sea, and there become petrified, but a fruit, probably growing in the sea itself, the tree which produces it having been hitherto concealed from the eyes of man. The Malay and Chinese sailors used to affirm, that it was borne upon a tree deep under water, which was similar to a cocoa-nut tree, and was visible in placid bays upon the coast of Sumatra, &c.; but, if they sought to dive after the tree, it instantly disappeared. The negro priests declared it to grow near the island of Java, with its leaves and branches rising above the water, in which a monstrous bird, or griffin, had its habitation, whence it used to sally forth nightly, and tear to pieces with its beak elephants, tigers, and rhinoceroses, whose flesh it carried to its nest; they asserted further, that ships were attracted by the waves which surround this tree, and there retained; the mariners falling a prey to this savage bird, so that the inhabitants of the Indian Archipelago always carefully avoided that spot. With such, and many even more strange, ideas respecting its place of growth and history, it is not wonderful that this nut should have been much prized, and in the Maldivian islands it was death to any man to possess it; all that were found became the immediate property of the king, who sold them at a very high price, or offered them as the most precious of regal gifts. Their value was estimated from sixty to one hundred and twenty crowns; but those which measured as much in breadth as in length were the most esteemed, and those which attained a foot in diameter were sold for a hundred and fifty crowns. Some kings have been so greedy of obtaining these fruits as to have even given a loaded ship for a single one. The Chinese, as well as the natives of the Indian Archipelago, considered them as an antidote to all poisons, and as a preservative against colic, apoplexy, paralysis, &c. The principal virtue was supposed to reside in the eatable part or albumen which lines the nut, and which was triturated with water, in vessels of porphyry, and mingled with black, white, and red coral, ebony, and stage horns, and then drunk altogether.

The great men of the Maldivé islands form precious vessels of the shell, by cutting off a transverse slice which forms the lid; and in these boxes they put their tobacco, betel, lime, and whatever else they masticate, believing they can never then be contaminated with anything noxious. Water kept in one of these shells is considered to preserve those who drink it from every complaint. The discovery of the Seychelles Islands, and the knowledge thence derived, that these nuts grew upon trees as other cocoa-nuts, soon reduced the value of the commodity; and now, probably by the Indians, as by the Europeans, the nut is only sought as a matter of curiosity, or for domestic purposes. The Seychelles Islands are situated to the north-east of Madagascar, in latitude 5° south, and 55° east longitude. The largest of the group is Mahé, about six miles in circumference; it produces good teak timber, cocoa-nuts, hogs, &c. Most of these islands are inhabited. The Seychelles palm is only found in *Praslin*, *Curieuse* and *Round Island*, lying within half a mile of each other; they are mountainous and rocky, and the soil poor. The common

cocoa-nut occupies the sea coast, but all other parts are, or have been, entirely covered with the "*Coco de Mer*." Thanks to the exertions of modern botanists, we are able to describe to our readers the real appearance of this interesting tree. It attains the height of 80 feet, or even 100 feet, the stem being about a foot in diameter, with scarcely any difference in size to the very top, where it is crowned with a tuft of from twelve to twenty leaves, which are very large, some of them being twenty feet long, and the leaf-stalk the same length. The young leaf rises from the centre, at first closed like a shut fan; then expanding into a broadly ovate form, having a central rib, and beautifully regular folds diverging from it. As a new leaf is formed annually, and an old one falls off at the end of every year, leaving a scar or ring, by these it is estimated that 130 years are required before the tree attains its full development. Like many other plants, the flower of this palm grows upon one tree and the fruit upon another, or, as botanists would say, there are male and female trees. The fruit is produced in a kind of long cluster, each cluster bearing five or six fruits or husks, resembling the husk of the walnut, in each of which are two or three nuts. These husks weigh from twenty to twenty-five pounds, they take a year to ripen, and sometimes hang three years on the tree before falling to the ground, where they lie another year before they begin to grow. The nut is dark-brown or black, a foot long, round at one end, and notched into two or three lobes at the other, where it germinates. We shall sum up our description in the words of an eye-witness: "To behold these palms growing in thousands, close to each other, the sexes intermingled—a numerous offspring starting up on all sides, sheltered by the parent plants—the old ones fallen into the sea and yellow leaf, and going fast to decay, to make room for the young trees, presents to the eye a picture so mild and pleasing, that it is difficult not to look upon them as animated objects, capable of enjoyment, and sensible of their condition." Now for its uses.—The crown of the trunk, in the midst of the leaves, is called the cabbage, and is eaten like that of the true cabbage-palm, but is less delicate and slightly bitter; it is often preserved in vinegar. The trunk itself, after being split and cleared of its soft and fibrous part within, serves to make water-troughs, as well as palisades for surrounding houses and gardens. The foliage is employed to thatch the roofs of houses and sheds, and even for the walls. With a hundred leaves a commodious dwelling may be constructed; including even the partitions of the apartments, doors, windows, &c. The down which is attached to the young leaves serves for filling mattresses and pillows. The ribs of the leaves, and fibres of the leaf-stalk, are converted into baskets and brooms. The young foliage affords an excellent material for hats; and for this purpose the unexpanded leaves only are taken, dried in the sun, and cut into longitudinal strips which are then plaited; and scarcely any other covering for the head is worn by the inhabitants of the Seychelles. Out of the nut are made vessels of different forms and uses. When preserved whole and perforated in one or two places, the shell serves to carry water; and, when applied to this use, two of them are suspended from opposite ends of a stick, as buckets are in other countries. Some of these nuts hold six or eight pints. If divided in two between the lobes, each portion serves, according to its size and shape, for plates and dishes, or for drinking-cups; these being valuable from their great strength and durability, so that this kind of utensil in these islands bears the name of *Vaisselle d'Isle Praslin*. And such is the estimation in which these nuts are held by the negroes, and poor people of other islands, that the sailors always try to obtain, and make them part of the cargo of their vessels. Amongst other articles, shaving-dishes, black, beautifully polished, set in silver and carved, are made from them.

More than a year has now elapsed since the nuts mentioned at the beginning of this notice have reached their various destinations; and we are sorry to say not one has yet germinated. Even those confided to the fostering care of the Messrs. Loddiges, though enjoying the most favourable situation in a splendid range of hot-houses, backed by the consummate skill of the proprietors in the treatment of palms, have shown no symptoms of vitality. We have frequently seen the one sent to the Apothecaries' Garden at Chelsea, reposing on its bed of state, (for it is thought advisable to leave one side partially exposed,) to all appearance exactly the same as when first placed there. Mr. Anderson, the worthy guardian of this sable treasure, does not however despair; but, with much patience and long-suffering, is determined to hope against hope till, on fermentation taking place within, the shell becomes soft and finally bursts, as is the case with the common cocoa-nut.

It is much to be feared that the heat during the voyage has caused these nuts to vegetate prematurely, and that the germ has been destroyed for want of moisture. Certain it is, however, that we do not possess a single specimen of this palm in the United Kingdom, nor is it probable that we ever shall, unless the plants are raised in their native climate, and conveyed to England in Mr. Ward's admirable invention for transporting plants from the tropics, viz.—a glazed box hermetically closed. It is even probable that, in the course of time, the Seychelles Palm may entirely disappear from the face of the earth; for, as civilisation advances, the soil will be cleared to make room for plants of quicker growth, and more immediately serviceable to man.

Let us hope that this evil will be guarded against; the more so as we have heard with pleasure of a young tree, being raised by a gentleman in Mahé, which has now attained considerable height, and that from the interest taken in natural productions in general, the "Coco de Mer" may not share the fate of that almost apocryphal bird, the Dodo, at one time so numerous in the Isle of France, and found in no other part of the world.

THE WIDOW.

HAVE any of our city readers ever observed in the streets a very old woman dressed in a faded black gown—very much faded and decayed—and wearing on her head a miserable black bonnet, edged with a deep crape fringe, sadly browned by wear and exposure—her whole attire, in short, bespeaking the utmost wretchedness; yet, when coupled with her look and manner, impressing you, somehow or other, with the idea that she had seen better days? You have; but inquire if we mean the same person. No, this is not likely, but there are many old women of the description just given, to be met with every day in the streets of every city. She is a widow, a poor old widow, and, oh! what a miserable struggle has she had with the world since the death of her husband, which happened many years ago.

He was in a respectable way, but left nothing behind him. While he lived all was well. They were comfortable—something more, though not affluent. But his death, which was sudden, brought a miserable change. That event at once rendered her nearly destitute.

For some time after his death, she endeavoured to earn a livelihood by keeping lodgers; for her house was well furnished, but rents and taxes were high, and, by bad ones, she lost largely. The heartless villains had swindled her not only out of the rents of her rooms, but had involved her deeply in debt to butchers, bakers, and grocers; for she had supplied the tables of many of them by her own credit.

Even had all been well paid, and her apartments all occupied, it would have afforded her little more than a bare living. As it was, it was ruin—utter ruin. Rents, debts, and taxes—the second not contracted on her own account, but in the way above alluded to—gradually stripped her of her furniture, and compelled her every succeeding year to take a lower and a lower rented house, to suit her gradually lessening means, until one wretched apartment—that which she now occupies—has become her home.

For some time the unsolicited benevolence of friends helped to keep her from absolute want, but these gradually died out, one after the other, or removed to a distance, and every day the desolation of her destitute widowhood became more and more desperate, and every day spread more and more widely around her until no green spot was left—until there were none to succour her.

Yet it might not, nay, it would not have been so, had her two boys been spared to her. They would have seen to her comfort. They would have kindly tended their mother in her old age. They would have toiled that she might be at ease. They, had it been necessary, would have wanted that she might not want; for they were both warm-hearted lads, gentle, and affectionate. But it was ordained otherwise. They both died. The one while yet a boy, the other just as he attained manhood—just as an increased remuneration for his services had opened up to him the delightful prospect of being able to support his mother in that ease and comfort in which it had long been the nearest and dearest wish of his heart to place her.

There was yet another child, a little girl. A bright-haired, bright-eyed creature, but she died in infancy.

The poor widow has few relics of former times left to her. But she has one, one that she would not part with for worlds. In the corner of a trunk—the only one she has—there is a small shoe, carefully wrapped up and pinned in an old piece of printed cotton-cloth. There is a little soil still adhering to the sole of the tiny shoe. It has been there for thirty years—ever since it was last worn by its little owner. The widow would not have it rubbed off

for any consideration that could be offered her. The shoe was her little Mary's.

Such, then, is the history and circumstances of the widow in the faded-black gown, and decayed bonnet. She is lonely, humbled in spirit—feeble, and frail in body. A helpless, harmless being whose appearance alone, though nothing were known of her story, would excite the compassion of any one possessing the smallest portion of human sympathy. The expression of that venerable face, how meek in the humiliating sense of an abject poverty! How timid in the consciousness of unprotected helplessness! How innocent in the feebleness of age!

That form now so withered, and so bent with the weight of years, was once straight and comely to look upon. That step now so slow and unsteady was once light and sprightly as the "lamb-kin's on the lea." Once on a day she tripped it lightly in the dance. Once on a day her smile was deemed worth the winning. Youth and health were then on her blooming cheek. Joy and happiness in her beaming eye. Alas, what a change! So pass away all temporal things.

God knows how she lives now; for she has no earthly means of subsistence, and she asks no charity. She asks nothing. She never did. What she ever obtained was voluntarily given, not solicited. She is upon no charitable list. She is not under the eye of any of the dispensers of public benevolence. She is unknown to them; for her meek, unobtrusive nature, and the recollection of her former respectability, will not allow of her making her case known, nor of urging her claims on any of those funds which charity has set apart for the relief of the destitute. She could not do it. It is not in her nature. She suffers in silence. Patiently and uncomplainingly suffers, in the lonely obscurity of her poverty-stricken home.

There was a time when the poor widow used to call upon old acquaintances who had known her in better days. On these occasions there was in her manner something that could not be marked without exciting a strong feeling of compassion. It was a mingling of the familiarity of acquaintanceship with the distance and timidity of dependence—of lingering impressions of equality with a humiliating sense of a disqualifying poverty. How modest, on these occasions, was her knock at the door! How timid her curtsy at entering,—how gentle and diffident her smile! How stealthy and noiseless her step into the parlour or dining-room, and how eagerly was the most distant chair in the apartment sought, and how hurriedly occupied, as if to render her presence as little obtrusive as possible!

Some little thing was, on such occasions, always given her; for we are now speaking of a particular case, of a particular individual. But to save her feelings as much as possible, care was always taken that it should bear the appearance of an independent gift, and have in it as little as possible of the character of charity. If it was tea, it was part of a present from a friend which she was requested "just to try." If it was a bit of cloth for a wrapper, it was a superfluous piece that no use could be found for. The poor widow saw through the well-meant untruths, as a slight and momentary blush but too often told us; but she took the gift as it was given, and expressed, with a modest curtsy—not in words, for she said nothing—the gratitude she felt.

We have said there was a time when the poor widow made such calls as these. There was, although these calls were always rare, and only at long, very long intervals; for her modesty shrunk at the idea of being deemed troublesome. She dreaded it beyond all things—but changes have taken place, great changes. She is not now so able to go about as formerly, and circumstances have occurred in many of those families which she used to visit that deter her from continuing her calls.

Reader, this is our old widow in the faded-black gown, and crape-edged bonnet. She asks, as we have told you, no charity; but, if nobody be by, or no one likely to observe you, do slip a piece of money into her hand when you meet her. It will be returned you a thousand-fold. But you want no such inducement, we know, to do a charitable thing. Do this and you will see, and not see it without emotion, we are sure, how her feeble old hand will clutch the donation. Clutch it unconsciously; for it is grasped under the sudden excitement of unexpected relief, and not because of its value as money. Little accustomed to such gifts, she will then look at you with a bewildered look of inquiry, as if to say, "What is the meaning of this!" mingled with an expression of heartfelt gratitude. But you will not lengthen her pain, for there is a painful feeling intermingled with all, by remaining an instant. You will relieve her by hurrying away as quickly as you can.

FUNERAL MOUNDS.

In the thirty-second chapter of Ezekiel, there is a striking description of the state of the dead, which contains many allusions to the different funeral customs of different nations. "There is Meshech, Tubal, and all her multitude," says the prophet; "her graves are round about him; they have laid their swords under their heads;" with other expressions, such as, "whose graves are set in the sides of the pit"—"they have gone down to the grave with their weapons of war;" expressions considered distinctly to allude to the ancient Scythian rites of sepulture. The custom, however, of erecting huge mounds over the dead, and burying them with their weapons of war, and personal ornaments, was not peculiar to the Scythians, but was one of the most extensive as well as the most ancient in the world. Mr. Bremner, a recent traveller in Russia, whose book was made the basis of an article in No. XII. of this Journal, thus comments on the Scythian barrows, or Funeral Mounds:—

"Returning from this digression about the marvels of the Ukraine, we must now direct the reader's attention to those singular green knolls, best known by the native name of *kourgans*, which so strongly excite the curiosity of all who visit this interesting region. The first of them began to appear soon after we entered the government of Pultava; but similar objects also occur throughout the whole country for at least three hundred miles to the south of that point, and with a frequency truly remarkable. These mounds are from twenty to thirty feet high, and generally of a conical form. They are usually placed in irregular groups of three or four, which have the appearance of so many encampments of miniature hills, raised to break the monotony of a country which by nature is extremely flat.

"The feelings of curiosity excited amongst us by the first view of these singular objects were always renewed by each fresh cluster. Many and contradictory were our first conjectures regarding them. Are they ancient fortifications? Irish barrows? Scotch cairns? or Greek tombs? were a few of the questions which they suggested, when they first appeared, and which were still far from being satisfactorily answered when we saw the last of them. Our difficulties concerning them are by no means diminished by the fact, that similar monuments are to be met with in so many countries which, whatever bond of union may have once existed between them, have for many centuries had no tie in common. Mounds precisely similar to those which we saw in these Scythian wilds are to be met with in the most classic spots. Those tumuli, for instance, which stand near the site of Troy, and round which Alexander and his heroes did honour to the memory of Achilles and his beloved Patroclus, are exactly similar to the *kourgans* of Russia. Passing to a very different and distant region, we find them also in Sweden; for the little mounds at Old Upsala are in shape and size exactly the same as those which we saw on the plains of Troy. Similar monuments, it is well known, are found in England also; as on the downs of Wiltshire. Even on the remote Mainland of Orkney, corresponding structures are to be seen; for the 'barrows,' or mounds, which stand near the celebrated Standing Stones of Stennis are exact copies both of those of Asia-Minor and of the Ukraine.

"What, then, shall we say of these *kourgans*? Are they the monuments of a time when a similar religion and similar usages prevailed over the whole of the different regions where they still exist—the only, but also the imperishable records of a history which it is now vain to attempt to explore? In fact, after all the labour which the learned have bestowed in clearing up the history of these monuments, their origin and objects still remain very obscure. The most probable theory regarding these wonders of the Ukraine is, that they are the burial-places of some great and numerous race, which once flourished in these rich regions, but have left no other trace of their grandeur. Some authors think that the people who raised them must have been of Mongolian descent. This opinion is founded on the rude stone images by which the mounds are often surmounted, and of which the features, as well as the shape of the head attire, resemble those of the people now named; a theory which we can neither contradict nor confirm, as neither stone nor image of any kind was to be seen near any of the many hundreds which we passed. We were assured, however, that on digging into some which have been opened, coins of gold and silver have been found, with gold rings, buckles, and other ornaments of value; discoveries which lead us to what, pro-

bably, is the only true account that history contains, of the origin of these monuments. For, referring to Herodotus, it will be found that, while treating of the very regions which we were now travelling through, he gives what, without exaggeration, can be pronounced a most minute account of these *kourgans*. His words are so remarkable, that they deserve to be quoted without mutilation: 'The sepulchres of the kings of the Scythians,' says he, 'are in the country of the Gerrhi. As soon as the king dies, a large trench, of a quadrangular form, is sunk, near where the Borysthenes begins to be navigable. When this has been done, the body is inclosed in wax, after it has been thoroughly cleansed, and the entrails taken out; before it is sown up, they fill it with anise, parsley-seed, bruised cypress, and various aromatics. They then place it on a carriage, and remove it to another district, where the persons who receive it, like the royal Scythians, cut off a part of their ear, shave their heads in a circular form, take a round piece of flesh from their arm, wound their foreheads and noses, and pierce their left hands with arrows. The body is again carried to another province of the deceased king's realms, the inhabitants of the former district accompanying the procession. After thus transporting the dead body through the different provinces of the kingdom, they come at last to the Gerrhi, who live in the remotest parts of Scythia, and amongst whom the sepulchres are. Here the corpse is placed upon a couch, round which, at different distances, daggers are fixed; upon the whole are disposed pieces of wood, covered with branches of willow. In some other part of this trench, they bury one of the deceased's concubines, whom they previously strangle, together with the baker, the cook, the groom, his most confidential servant, his horses, the choicest of his effects, and, finally, some golden goblets, for they possess neither silver nor brass; to conclude all, they fill up the trench with earth, and seem to be emulous in their endeavours to raise as high a mound as possible. The ceremony does not terminate here. They select such of the deceased king's attendants, in the following year, as have been most about his person; these are all native Scythians, for in Scythia there are no purchasable slaves, the king selecting such to attend him as he thinks proper: fifty of these they strangle, with an equal number of his best horses.'

"In a note to this passage, Major Rennell says, 'It has not come to our knowledge that any of these monuments have been found in the Ukraine, where the sepulchres described by Herodotus should have been;' but from what has been stated above, it will have been seen that this objection is completely without foundation, for these *kourgans* occur precisely on the spot referred to by the historian, and that indicated by his able commentator. It may also be added, that, in addition to the objects above enumerated, some of the *kourgans* which have been opened were found to contain human bones, skeletons of horses, ancient weapons, and domestic utensils. The human bones often occur in such large quantities, as could have been produced in no other way than by such barbarous hecatombs as those described by the historian.'

Mr. Harris, a member of the Massachusetts' Historical Society, gives the following account of the ancient graves which are scattered over the whole face of the western country of America:

"The places called *graves* are small mounds of earth, from some of which human bones have been taken. In one were found the bones, in their natural position, of a man buried nearly east and west, with a quantity of isinglass (mica membranacea) on his breast. In the others, the bones laid promiscuously, some of them appeared partly burned and calcined by fire, also stones, evidently burned, charcoal, arrow-heads, and fragments of a kind of earthenware. An opening being made at the summit of the great conic mound, there were found the bones of an adult, in a horizontal position, covered with a flat stone. Beneath this skeleton were thin stones, placed vertically, at small and different distances, but no bones were discovered. That this venerable monument might not be defaced, the opening was closed without further search. It is worthy of remark, that the walls and mounds were not thrown up from ditches, but raised by bringing the earth from some distance, or taking it up uniformly from the surface of the plain. The parapets were probably made of equal height and breadth, but the waste of time has rendered them lower and broader in some parts than others. It is in vain to conjecture what tools or machinery were employed in the construction of these works; but there is no reason to suppose that any of the implements were of iron. Plates of copper have been found in some of the mounds, but they appear to be parts of armour. Nothing that would answer the purpose of a shovel has ever been discovered."

* Beloe's Herodotus, B. iv. ch. 71.

Mr. Harris quotes Dr. Cutter upon the probable antiquity of these mines. The Doctor conceives that the only clue remaining is the growth upon them. He says, "one tree, decayed at the centre, contained at least 463 circles. Its age was undoubtedly more than 463 years. Other trees, in a growing state, were, from their appearance, much older. There were likewise the strongest marks of a previous growth, as large as the present. Admitting the age of the present growth to be 450 years, and that it had been preceded by one of equal size and age, which as probably as otherwise was not the first, the works have been deserted more than 900 years."

Mr. Harris remarks that "about 90 miles from Marietta, on a large plain, bounded by one of the western branches of the Muskingum, are a train of ancient works, nearly two miles in extent, the ramparts of which are yet in some places upwards of 18 feet perpendicular height. At Licking are very extensive works, some of them different in construction from those at Marietta; particularly several secular forts, with but one entrance. They are formed of a parapet from 7 to 12 feet in height, without any ditch; the interior being of the same level with the plain on which they are raised. Forts of this kind, which are also found in other places, are from 3 chains to 15 or more in diameter. There are also large walls and mounds on the Great Miami and the Scioto."

The original height, our author thinks, was diminished by the gradual wasting away of the earth, and the filling up of the interior, and the accretion of the soil over the whole surface of the plain, by the annual deposit of leaves and the decay of timber. The utensils he considers to have belonged to a people far advanced in the arts.

"The elevated squares might be the foundations of larger towns and arsenals. The excavations or caves were undoubtedly wells, now filled up, water being an essential article in a besieged place. Some of these—above 40 feet in diameter, and about 5 feet in depth"—have some resemblance to sacred inclosures found in Mexico.

"The smaller mounds, on the great plains, are filled with bones, laid in various directions, in an equal state of decay, and appear to be piled over heaps of slain, after some great battle. Whereas the larger mounds, near the fenced cities, are composed of strata, if I may say so, of bones in more regular order, of full-grown people and of infants, and in different stages of decay, and seem formed of the bodies of such as have died of sickness, or were killed in occasional skirmishes, at different times, with intervals, perhaps, of some years. In some have been found plates of copper riveted together, copper beads, various implements of stone, and a very curious kind of porcelain."

THE JUDEN STADT IN PRAGUE.

THE establishment of a Jewish colony in Prague is said to be coeval with the foundation of the city itself. From age to age, moreover, the sons of Israel have inhabited the same quarter,—namely, a suburb which, running in part along the margin of the Moldau, is approached from the Alt Stadt, by the street of which I have just spoken. Here dwell they, to the number of eight or ten thousand, in a state of complete isolation from the Christian myriads which surround them, inhabiting flats, and in many cases single apartments, by whole families; and appearing to rejoice in the filth and neglect to which the Christians have consigned them. The streets in their suburb are all narrow and mean, and devoid of ornament; the stalls, with the articles which the chapmen expose upon them, are scattered up and down in utter confusion; the shops (mere recesses) have Hebrew inscriptions over them; and the entire population, when I went among them, seemed to be abroad.

Let the reader imagine to himself, if he can, the effect of a sudden transition from the pomp and splendour of a great capital into a suburb of mean and narrow streets, choked up with the litter of old rags, broken furniture, and cast-off clothes, hung out for sale; where are aged women asleep in their chairs, young ones nursing infants, or, it may be, perfecting their own unfinished toilets; men, squalid and filthy, with long beards, flowing robes, and all the other appurtenances which usually belong to their race; children in a state of nudity; turbaned heads, features thoroughly Oriental; tarnished finery, books, music, and musical instruments, scattered about;—everything, in short, whether animate or inanimate, as entirely in contrast with what you have just left behind, as you might expect to find it were you transported suddenly into some region of the earth, of the very existence of which you had previously been ignorant. I have passed through the classic

regions of St. Giles, the Seven Dials, and Rag-fair. I have gone, in my youth, under the escort of a police officer, the round of all the most degraded corners of London; yet have I never beheld a sight which, in all that is calculated to bewilder, if not to outrage, the senses, could bear one moment's comparison with what the Juden Stadt brought before me. I confess that the first feeling excited was a vague idea that, to proceed further, might compromise our personal safety; yet I defy any one who has penetrated but a few yards down the passage, to abstain from going on. There is about you, on all sides, an air of novelty, such as it is impossible to resist; and you march forward, wondering, as you move, whether you be awake or in a dream.

Rev. G. R. Gleig's *Germany, Bohemia, &c.*

MOHAMMED'S MORALITY.

One of Mohammed's companions said—The prophet advised me in ten things:—Do not associate any one thing with God, although they kill or burn you; nor affront your parents, although they should order you to quit your wives, your children, and your property; nor abandon the divine prayers intentionally, for he who does so will not remain in the asylum of God. Never drink wine, for it is the root of all evil; abstain from vice, for from it descends the anger of God; refrain from running away in battle, although ye be destroyed; and when a pestilence shall pervade mankind, and you shall be amongst them, remain with them; cherish your children, and beat them in order to teach them good behaviour; and instruct them in the fear of God.—*Mishcat-ul-Masabih, or, The Traditions of Mohammed.*

THE FEAST OF THE PEACOCK; A RABBINICAL CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

A Jewish gentleman, well known to the scientific world, and, moreover, a lover of ancient romances, had often luxuriated in the descriptions of the splendid banquet of the "Peacock," so famed in the romances of chivalry. In an hour of fancy he had a peacock killed; the skin was carefully taken whole from the body, and, when the bird was roasted and richly fared with aromatic spices, the skin was nicely replaced, and it was served up with its gorgeous plumage. A religious scruple suddenly haunted his mind that the flesh of the peacock was forbidden aliment. The Israelite despatched the brilliant fowl to the house of a neighbour, the chief rabbin, for his inspection. He told his tale, the rabbin alternately looking on the gentleman and on the peacock—at length the oracle! First he solemnly observed that there were some things of a doubtful nature, among which was the eating of peacocks. He opined that this bird was among the forbidden meats. "Be it so!" exclaimed the romantic Jew. "I have not transgressed. It was the fancy of a moment, and I have only lost a splendid bird. Since it is killed, I will send it as a curious dish to my neighbour, who, being a Christian, is not perplexed by so difficult a ritual as our own. He may partake of the feast of the peacock."

"I would thank you for it myself," said the rabbin.

"For what purpose?"

"To eat it!" rejoined the master of sentences.

"How! if forbidden meat for me—I understand the consequence?"

The rabbin, fixing his eye on the ritualist, and holding his finger up, as we mark our interjections in writing, said solemnly—"Eating the peacock is, as I told you, among the doubtful things. One rabbin is of one opinion, and another of another. You have required my opinion as your rabbin; you are bound to abide by it. I opine that it is unlawful to be eaten. My father was of a different opinion, and therefore it may be eaten by me, because I act on my father's opinion. I accept the peacock, but I must not ask you to participate in it." The bird was lost for the ritualist, and went to the rabbin's table.—*D'Israeli's Genius of Judaism.*

JEWISH EXPECTATION OF A MILLENNIUM.

It is a curious fact, not generally known, that a Jewish tradition, holding out the expectation of a millennium, was current before the Christian era, and ascribed by the rabbins to the prophet Elijah. The duration of the present state of affairs in this working-day world was limited, by these sagacious calculators, to a period of six thousand years. A sabbatical millennium was then to commence, which, hallowed by the personal sovereignty of the Messiah, was to be distinguished by undisturbed peace and universal happiness.—*Table Talk.*

MUCH JUSTICE, AND LITTLE LAW.

There was a business that could not be acted by a single Justice, yet Sir Edward Peyton, as a prerogative case, would needs convert the parties before him. One being a shrewd, understanding, plains fellow, told him he thought his worship was mistaken, for one justice was not sufficient for the business. "Why, sirrah," says he, "am I not a justice of the peace?" "Yes, an't please your worship." "And am I not a justice of the quorum?" "Yes, sir." "Why then, sirrah," says he, "there's two justices for you:—and so entered, like a fool, into the cause."

Thom's *Anecdotes and Traditions illustrative of early English History.*

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